

Issue #6 1993 \$6

Anything That Moves: Beyond the Myths of Bisexuality

move (moov): 1. to advance, progress, or make progress. 2. to change place or position. 3. to take action. 4. to prompt, actuate or impel into action. 5. action toward an end; a step. 6. to set in motion; STIR OR SHAKE.

about our name...

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves," to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are purporting the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately chose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention. and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

READ OUR LIPS: WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANY-THING THAT MOVES US BE-YOND THE LIMITING STERE-OTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ON TO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals. All work is donated and no one receives a salary. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. It is published by the Bay Area Bisexual Network and reflects the integrity and inclusive nature of the BABN Statement of Purpose. ATM was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves—or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity. Monosexuality is a heterosexist dictate used to oppress homosexuals and to negate the validity of bisexuality.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that

bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we MUST be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fullfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross ALL sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality-including your own.

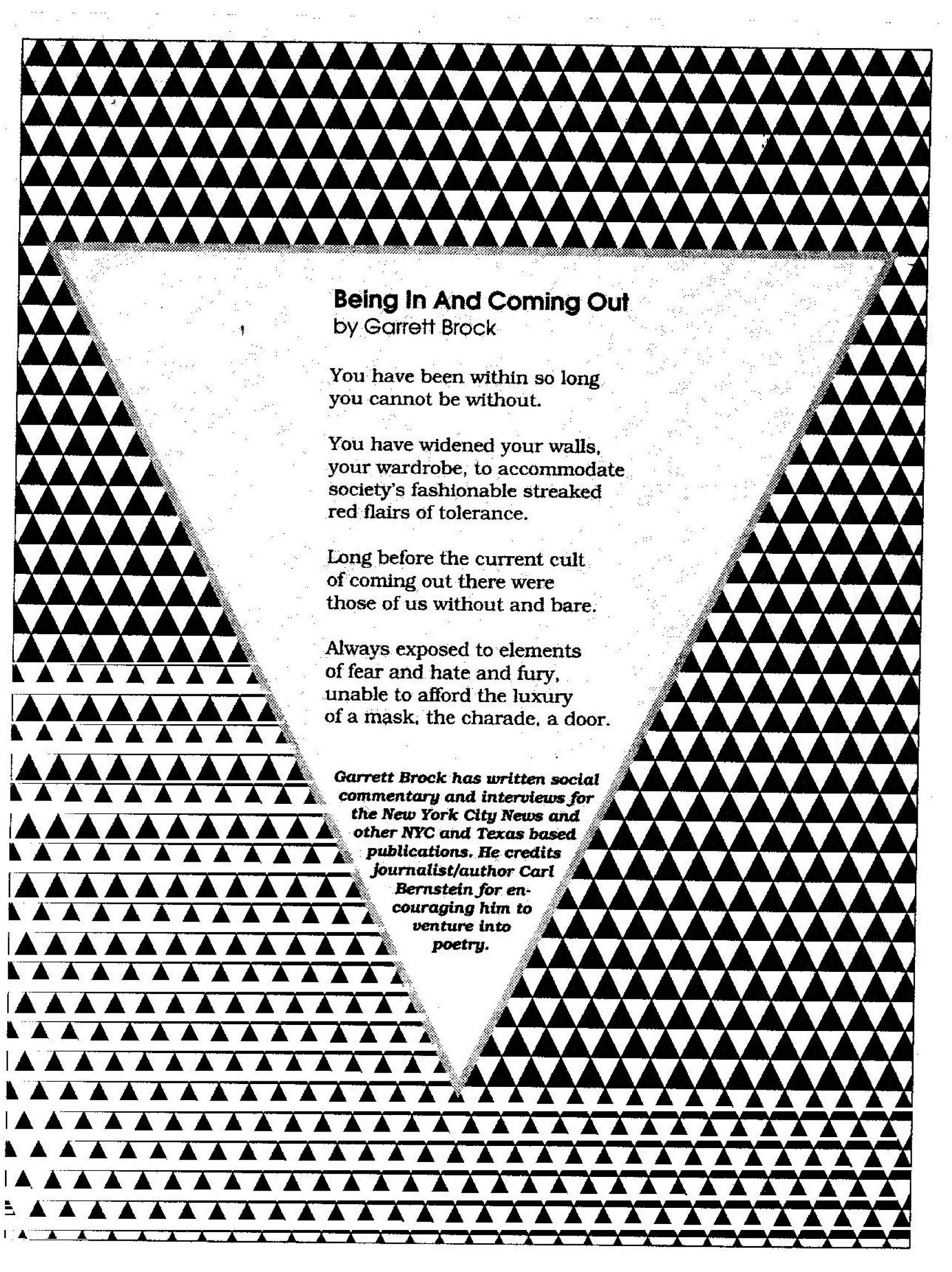
We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality. There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the Bisexual Movement, by the ATM staff, or the BABN Board of Directors.

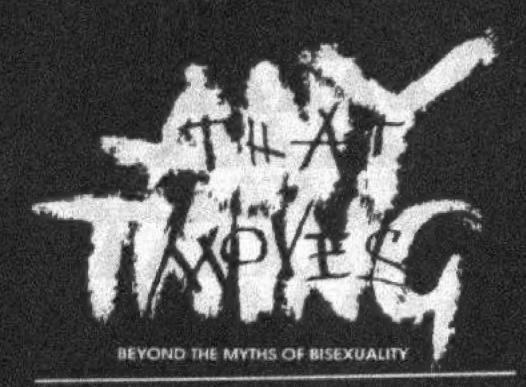
What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations.

This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves—To Do It For Ourselves!

about BABN...

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is coalescing the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources. We support relationships among people regardless of gender, which can include relating intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, sensually, and sexually. We support celibacy, monogamy, and non-monogamy as equally valid lifestyle choices. We support open expression of affection and touch among people without such expression necessarily having sexual implications. The BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression because of age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in areas of employment, housing, healthcare, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other individual freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.





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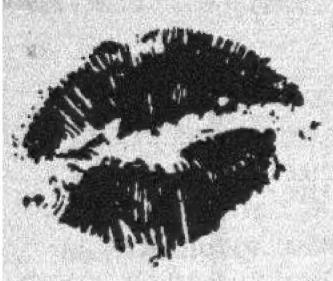
Contempas

Features

- 10 March On Washington Diaries
 - ▼ How I Spent My Two Week Vacation Being A Revolting Token Bisexual by Lani Kaahumanu
 - ▼ March On Washington by Katie Mechem
 - ▼ Flagrant Non-Assimilationists: Celebrating Diversity and Radicalism in Washington DC by Liz A. Highleyman
 - ▼ Steering Queer in D.C. by Renee Chinquapin
- 18 Travels With Blanche Long Beach Pride Celebration, 1993 by Blanche
- With A Little Help by G. R. Gross
- 23 My Paintings by Pearl Davies Saad
- 26 Not The Same Old Gadfly Bi by Adrienne Davis
- What Your Mother Never Told You...
 about sex, love, & relationships,
 Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill will!
- 33 Bisexual Art by Teresa Pearcey
- 54 Leaning Against Plate Glass by L. Phillips

Reviews

- 38 Between Little Rock And A Hard Place A book review by Naomi Tucker
- 40 Claire Of The Moon A movie review by Thyme S. Siegel
- 43 Leatherfolk A book review by Liz A. Highleyman



Poetry

- Being In And Coming Out by Garrett Brock summer silk (for kathleen/8 yrs old)
- by Indigo Som Callous Garden by Stephanie Sallaska
- **Activists** 14 by Kateri *immigrants* by Indigo Som
- You Wouldn't Know Love 17 by Robert P. Beveridge
- Feminine 28 by Chocolate Waters Things I Never Say by Kassandra S. Larsen Pier 42 by Saint-Pierre
- Reflections 31 by Terry Kernan Activist in the tub by Naomi Tucker Passion by Saint-Pierre
- Women Aren't All That Different 36 by Wendy Counsil no catdoor by Indigo Som
- **Blind Date** 37 by Chocolate Waters on commission by Indigo Som
- Flirting With Danger 42 for David by Ryan Kerry Guth
- Desire 46 by Kateri

Departments

- Open Forum
- Editorial 5
- Letters
- The Gadfly Bi
- The Straight Poop 9
- News 10
- Our World 20
- Our Voices... 23 Our Words A Forum For Bisexual People of Color
- Reviews 38
- **Fiction** 54
- Quoted 56
- Community 58 & Resources
- Classifieds 62
- Untitled 48 by Nina Silver Green Sperm And Menstruation by Kenneth Pobo Tar Beach by Saint-Pierre Of All The Ways I've Died 50 by Mary Saliba
- fall/equinox by Indigo Som
- The Proper Setting 52 by Lani Kaahumanu



Goodbye from Karla...

Dear ATM Readers:

As I mentioned in my editorial, "The Joy of Bi Sex and Fly-Fishing," in the last issue of **ATM** (#5/Sexuality), I have resigned as Managing Editor of **Anything That Moves**. This issue will be the first that I have not helped produce since its inception (although I have again managed to hold up its production!). I think it will feel very strange indeed, to receive an **ATM** in the mail just like you do.

Anything That Moves evolved from the 12-page Bay Area Bisexual Network Newsletter. The very first ATM staff meeting was held in July, 1990 and our first issue was published in January, 1991. I don't think I've ever been involved in a more challenging, creative, or cathartic project with such a diverse group of truly unique, talented, and devoted staff people that I have

come to call my friends.

Every single last person involved in putting together each issue of **ATM** is a volunteer who truly believes in its importance and significance. I was often amazed, as I looked around the circle of people who gathered for our staff meetings, by the large number of people in attendance as well as the diversity of experience that was represented. The only thing we all had in common was the desire to express and celebrate who we were. In my opinion, that is what **ATM** is all about.

My decision to "move" on to other things was an easy one. However, actually letting go of **ATM** was quite another matter. Those who know me well might say it's because I'm a born and bred Control Queen, but I think it's because I see **ATM** like a child that I conceived, nurtured, raised, and now,

must allow to grow without me.

Before I close, I would like to apologize to writer elias farajajé-jones for my oversight of his contribution in issue #5. His piece, "multikulti feminist bis no more?," which appeared in the "Our Words...Our Voices" section on page 18, was not acknowledged in the Table of Contents nor was he listed as a contributor in the Staff Box. Additionally, I would like to make it known that because of the need to get issue #5 out before the 1993 March on Washington, style editor, Sunah Cherwin, was not given the opportunity to edit the magazine for style. Any mistakes in style are to be attributed to me and not to her abilities in this department which, by the way, are truly fabulous.

Thanks to all my writers, editors, designers, and friends for helping make my stint with **ATM** a milestone in my life and a special thanks to Matt LeGrant, Jim Frazin, Autumn Courtney, Naomi Tucker, Lani Kaahumanu, Emerson St. Claire, and especially Mike Adams, for their support and encouragement just when I thought I was going off the deep end (which was quite often). Thanks to you **ATM** readers for believing in us and sticking by us through all our growing pains.

Love, Karla Rossi <u>former</u> Managing Editor of **Anything That Moves**



Life is Art and Utter Chaos

By Gerard Palmeri

This issue of **Anything That Moves** grew out of our need for a way to talk about art, artists, and cultural workers and the significance of their contributions to our society, our identity, and our movement.

Cultural workers reflect the past, define the present, and help shape the future views of our culture. Cultural workers choose the vital mission of stimulating the thinking mind along with the senses: touch, smell, hearing, taste, and sight. This combination creates the insatiable desires the spirit hungers for.

Who are cultural workers? Writers and painters and musicians and priestesses and drag queens and poets and photographers and language interpreters and historians and storytellers.

What is art? Everything is art. Everything can be art. Art can be the most expensive painting sold at Sotheby's and art can be the sun setting in the West. Art feeds the hunger of the spirit. Art is your lover lying naked in your arms. Art is a picture of Jesse Helms with an ax through his forehead. Art makes a statement. Art elicits emotions or thought or both. Life is art. Art is life.

In our world, our multicultural society, the dominant culture often oppresses other identities out of existence. We frequently battle against cultural oppression. We struggle to maintain our identity and it is through our cultural workers that we can. The world tries to fit people's lives into neat definable categories. Artists introduce complexity and depth to life and that challenges those definitions.

Since cultural workers' products are defined on their own terms, they also help our movement learn by example how to be defined on its own terms. Bisexuals live a sexuality that isn't always what it seems. Bisexuality combines the thinking with the perceiving. Bisexuality is fluid. Just as soon as you think you've got it figured out, something changes all the rules.

Art is a snapshot of a time, a place, a sense, an emotion, or a statement which may never be recreated. Art is a product of the life

experiences of both the creator and the person experiencing the work. The artist's views or the subject may have changed seconds after completion. Interpretation of the work changes person to person, place to place, time to time.

Finally this magazine is (well, maybe I'm being generous) a work of art. It's a snapshot of our world, of our views, reflective of a small portion of the bisexual culture taking place in the small part of our planet known as the San Francisco Bay area which is part of a portion of our planet currently known as the United States of America. We hope you take it as it is... defined on its own terms.

Anything That Moves is currently dealing with its change in Managing Editorship with high aplomb, utter chaos, and total panic. Well, I'm here. I'm Gerard Palmeri and goddess knows if I'll be back editing next issue. I've spent the past year and a half traveling all over the place working on the recent March on Washington. I've met bisexuals from all over this country, and I've been consistently amazed that ATM is awaited with such fervor. I think that fervor should be seen as a tribute to my predecessor, Karla Rossi, for her love and devotion and skill as an editor for the first five issues. It should also be considered a signal that bisexuals all over are starving for more snapshots of themselves. Typically I heard, "Oooh, when is the next ATM coming out?" (Ed: As soon as we can, please be patient."), but the comments ranged to a discussion I read on a computer newsgroup between several people I don't know about whether ATM is marketed to be a national bisexual magazine or a local magazine sold nationally. (Ed: What marketing?!?) I know you all want this magazine and, if I can handle it, I'll try to be around next issue and make it more... more of everything you want. Karla, oh founding mother, how the hell did you handle this??



Dear Editor:

Boston has one. Seattle has one. Why not the San Francisco Bay Area? This is to announce the formation of the Bay Area Bisexual Women's Network. BABN and Bi-Friendly both sponsor lots of terrific mixed-sex events. In addition, many women also want to have some women-only spaces. Accordingly, the bisexual women's support groups in San Francisco, Berkeley, and Palo Alto do more than just offer support

and discussion. We also organize regular women-only events and social activities. We sponsor workshops, such as "How to Pick Up Girls," have potlucks, go to women's dance clubs, organize groups to see women's music, theater and comedy, and regularly go on camping trips. All events and groups are transgender-inclusive. We now publish a newsletter listing social activities and events as well as dates, times, and discussion

topics for support groups. We have about 75 women on our membership list so far. To receive the newsletter or list a women's event or group, call 415/485-1015, evenings only, and leave a message. If you run a bi women's group in the Bay Area and we're not in touch, call us!

Valerie Stone, Bay Area Bisexual Women's Network

Dear Editor:

There was a fabulous conference just a couple weeks ago which somewhat unexpectedly ended up being a very nice forum for bisexuals. The conference was called PEPCON, the Polyfidelitous Educational Productions Conference. It was held in Berkeley, and this was the 7th annual event with about 200 women and men attending. Polyfidelity, for those who are unfamiliar with the term, describes a multi-partner family (3 or more adults of any sex mix) in which each member has a committed relationship with each of the other members. For many years it seemed that most practitioners of this lifestyle were in heterosexual triads, quads, etc. The original polyfidelitous model assumed that every member of a family would be sexual with all members of the opposite sex, but there wasn't a whole lot of talk about bisexuality. Now as the movement is maturing there is emerging quite a bit of bisexual energy with a large percentage of the conference attendees going to the bisexual workshops. In fact two of my good friends both independently told me after the conference that they realized they were bisexual just by going to the workshops!

A multipartner relationship is of course a very natural place to be bisexual and many many women and men at the conference expressed their fantasies at being in a large group relationship where they could be in love and be sexual with everyone in the their group, both male and female. It was quite exciting. I just want to let the bisexual community know about this movement because I know it's what a lot of us are dreaming about. If you want more information you can write Ryam Nearing at PEP, Box 6306, Captain Cook, Hawaii 96704 or you're welcome to call me at 510-538-0369.

Jon Russell Castro Valley, CA

A simple guide to getting published in ATM: Send in a concise bunch of inspiring words cleverly arranged to form thoughtful, complete sentences containing at least one noun and one verb and one punctuation mark of your choice that are written from the heart and not out of your ass. Political Correctness, use of hip slang, humility, or adoration for ATM obviously has little to do with getting published in ATM. It's all a matter of space, rhyme, reason, whim, fate, zen, est, buddha, destiny, and timing. Send submissions to: ATM, 2404 California St. #24, SF, CA 94115. Don't get upset if we cut rambling for length or because we like certain parts better than others. after all, it is OUR magazine. Keep in mind that we are all volunteers here at ATM with real jobs that pay the rent. For those who require domination or more structure in their lives. strict and painfully detailed submission guidelines are available by sending a SASE.

summer silk (for kathleen/8 yrs old)

by Indigo Som

summer morning not too hot/ the bay breeze soft like silk moving through the little hairs on round calves/ young arms of

2 little girlz on summer vacation going to the pool with huge towels & suntan lotion/ we stay late having underwater tea parties doing handstands & somersaults in the mint clear water/ until

everyone else is gone & we get cold cold cans of rootbeer out of the machine & bring them into the pool w/ us because there is nobody there to say we cant. we know we wont spill them because we are careful/ each

of us holding a can in both hands so we can feel how cold they are against our palms/ the backs of our small brown hands warm in the sunny water/ water quiet/ & soft like the silky air

just us/2 girlz & 2 rootbeers/ with the sky & its few distant clouds like unspun silk/ the slowly cooling air/ all ours for this sunlit lazy evening/ for one long

summer/ lucky little girlz to have cold cold 35¢ rootbeers/ & all that warm silk/ for free

Indigo Som is an artist, writer, & trouble-maker. bisexual woman-of-color-identified woman of color (second generation chinese american). Born (year of the horse/cancer), raised, & planning to die in the San Francisco Bay Area. Her work appears in various publications, including smell this from woman of color in coalition and the lesbian of color anthology, Piece of My Heart from Sister Vision in Canada. She gives thanks and praises to the Bitchy Buddha (she is in all of us!)—

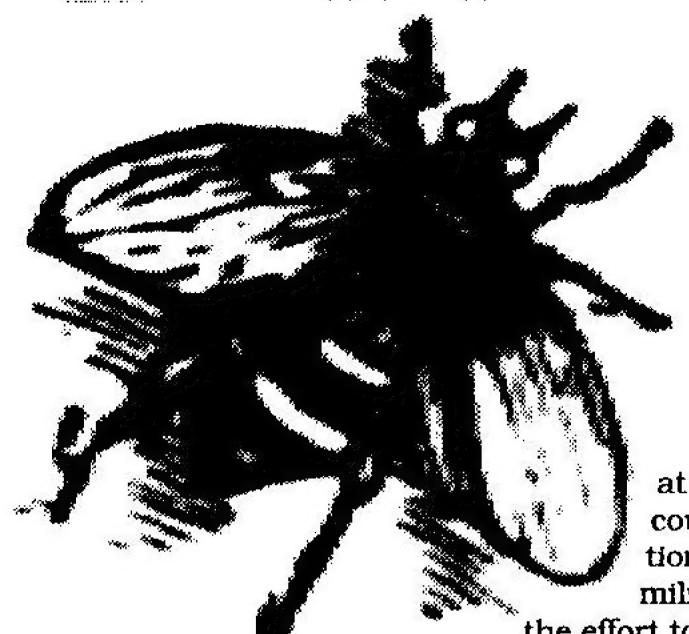
Callous Garden

by Stephanie Sallaska

Elsewhere in the city sidewalks submerge under night. A brutal waitress waits for glass in wine. Candelabras offer only smoke to chandeliers that try to see up some cumulus hole in the ass. Another man with an erection gouges the light, his porcelain handle like violent spatulas that lurch from the hands of oblivious wives. Nervous wrists handcuff the kitchen, near a church an ambulance runs out of gas. In an greenhouse two nipples rigid as headlights hover above wisteria and a waistband where the red scarf climbs a woman who climbs a woman and fills her tank while I sit on a hillside and wait for the strangler.

Stephanie Sallaska teaches in the Creative Writing program at the University of Central Oklahoma in Edmond. Her work has appeard in Z Miscellaneous, Up Against the Wall, Mother, New Plains Review, Poems for the New Decade, and Four Poets of Oklahoma.





The Gadfly Bi

An Intentionally Annoying Column
To Stimulate Or Provoke
Thinking By Way Of Persistent
Irritating Criticism

By Adrienne Davis

at one time, a couple of generations ago, our military helped in

that has become a modern archetype of evil in action. Although I know that lots of horrific things happened to people from both sides, I'm glad that my father and his generation fought and won that war. I have trouble imagining how different this world would have been had the Allies lost.

Because of my father's sacrifice he could afford college and his first home, which made all the difference in his, mine, and my families' lives. The army took my sister away from my parents' control and allowed her to grow up, find herself and put herself through school — and she didn't have to go to war, although she was called up in '91.

The thought of being an outstanding soldier kept me from poisoning myself at fifteen. I wasn't yet out as queer but my home life was horrific emotionally. I had things I felt I needed to prove to myself and the world around me. At home I was isolated, controlled, and alone. When I went into the service I was running away from home in a legal fashion. The military gave me my first sense of autonomy from my parents and community. Because I've been there I still feel a part of that community — everyone who has ever

served remembers that first day they woke up in the barracks.

In the military I came to the knowledge that I was queer and I remember talking with others quietly behind barracks and on guard duty. There weren't a lot of us but we found each other anyway, just like we always do. I never did anything, but some braver souls than I did. Most of them were never found out. When someone from another company did get caught, he was bashed. They nearly killed him, twice. A sergeant who didn't know the whole truth saved his life. That's what you face if you come out in the military. Become the known "queer" and, if the circumstances are wrong, you might die.

Knowing all that, Keith Meinhold came out. So did Tracy Thorne. So did Colonel Kammermeyer. And others. Would you come out of the closet in a situation if you were surrounded by hundreds of people who might believe that they are making the world safer by eliminating you from it? The courage to come out under those circumstances takes an inner strength that only comes from knowing that what you say is the truth. Maybe not popular or correct but definitely true. The U.S. military doesn't deserve such fine and courageous members but they want to be there anyway.

Greetings, kindred. This year, in San Francisco, our parade's theme is "Year of the Queer." This has generated a great deal of controversy as has the parade committee's choice of Petty Officer Keith Meinhold as a Grand Marshall. As some of the most powerful men in this country wrestle with how to deal with us, as if we were just some sort of intellectual property, we wrestle with the under-reported story in this whole agonizing (for us!) debate. There are those within our community who question the importance of having the ban lifted. I've heard people express their desire to see no queer serve in uniform.

I can understand that. I've been there and I would have great trouble counseling someone to enlist. But my experience in the military taught me some things that have given me a perspective that I otherwise might have been denied.

It is true that our military
— all militaries — are instruments of national policy used
to settle things by killing lots of
people. We have recently seen
our country use that policy to
benefit large multi-national
interests, dictatorships, and
many other global horrors. But

8

continued on page 49

The Straight Poop

A Political Opinion Column

By Paul Smith

To understand art one must understand who makes it, finances it and consumes it. These people decide what art is.

Who decides what bisexual art is, and have we been leaving that decision to someone else for too long?

The very fact that bisexual art is being discussed in this magazine is a significant event for bisexual art. This magazine has got to be one of the only venues for bisexual art available in North America. One reason this magazine exists is because it is financed, created, produced, and distributed by bisexuals. The barriers to bisexual art that exist elsewhere do not exist here for those reasons.

But what about art in other media not able to be displayed in magazines? We need to establish our own galleries, studios, and publications to establish bisexual art. The Bi Art Project is now being formed in San Francisco to address this. Richard Burke (a bi accountant with pink glasses) wants the organization to facilitate the creation and display of art that is explicitly bisexual. "This not only concerns bi themes, but art by bisexuals on mainstream subjects," says Burke. "There's no bi art out there right now. One of our first projects is to go around town and put up posters on buildings saying 'Future Site of Bisexual Art.'" When I first heard of the Bi Art Project, I went, "Yeah!" but then it struck me that this sentiment was yet another result of our invisibility.

For centuries bisexuals have been producing art, but the straight (or gay) world has been getting the credit. Consider the numerous artists who have been identifled as gay or lesbian, who are really bisexual. Bisexual art has been there all along; this is nothing new - just like gay (or bisexual) soldiers. When can we take back our own? The best list of bisexuals (including artists) that I have seen is Sunah Cherwyn's in the last issue of Logomotive.

Nonetheless, we need to have some art that is explicitly bisexual in order to build our community and selfidentity.

Bisexual art mimics bisexual life. I myself feel like the future site of bisexual art. I forever am asking myself from whom do I have the support to make my dreams come true. The answer keeps being that I need to be part of a bi community to support me and to provide approval, or I remain rootless in fundamental ways.

The bisexual diaspora searching for community manifests itself in bisexual art. We are so interspersed, diverse and, until recently, uncongregated that we were

all but invisible. The reasons why we have not seen groups of bisexuals together are the same reasons we are still not seeing shows of bisexual art. Lack of "outside" interest, benign neglect, impacts our ability and opportunity — and compounds the effects of outright oppression. Where are we to get the financing, the time to create and the opportunity to present bisexual art?

There is a danger in how one regards bisexual art if it separates bisexuals from "gay and lesbian" art, as though there is some natural gulf between bisexuals and other queers. This repression thing can only be taken so far. While there are truly things which we still need to discuss with homosexual artists, our affinity as queers should be paramount.

At the same time, it needs to be clear that we are not half straight and half queer; our art is not a confusion or composite of two worlds. Bisexual art will seem unfocused, confused, and out of control only to those who deny our legitimacy as a confirmed, identifiable, and independent culture. If you have any doubt that we have such a culture, please read on through the rest of this wonderful magazine.



How I Spent My Two Week Vacation Being a Revolting Token Bisexual

by Lani Kaahumanu

So there I was in the March on Washington media office in Washington D.C., six days before the big event, working the phones and lending a bisexual presence. The five phones rang non-stop, "March on Washington media office. Hello, my name is Lani." The publisher of a small local DC paper called. He wanted to do a story paralleling the Martin Luther King March and this one. He wanted to make the connections clear so his community would come and join the march. "It's the same for all of us," he said, "basic civil rights." "Yep, that's right," I said, "30 years later we have the same dream." There were two to four of us at any one point fielding questions from local, national, and international television and radio stations, the print media, as well as reporters of all stripes wanting interviews, press passes, and FAXing us their credentials. The NAACP and the White House called a few times, too.

The pace was fast and furious. The mood was campy and cooperative. The setting was cramped, lacking air and windows. There was a sense of history being made. The Today Show, Good Morning America. Tokyo Television, Italian TV, The New York Times, Miami Herald Tribune, LA Times, SF Examiner, USA TODAY, and The Village Voice, to name just a few, all called. Everyone was looking for an angle on this civil rights march. This was

not being covered as a parade or celebration. The tone was more serious.

A national gay writer who was working for a big city paper was interested in interviewing one of the speakers. "Well, guess what," I said, "I just happen to be on the main stage." "Perfect." he said. So I told him I'm the token bisexual speaker and the last one of the day. He laughed when I told him the name of my speech, "It ain't over 'til the bisexual speaks," and is hooked by the Farajajé-Jones term "gayristocracy." He asked great questions. We talked, and then there was a long pause. "This is really interesting. Maybe I should do a story for The Village Voice on bisexuality." He asked for my home number, and there was another long silence. Then he said, "Well, I'd like to talk with you sometime. I've been having sex with all my lesbian friends and I don't know who to talk to about it." I encouraged him to call.

Everyday that week as new people arrived someone would introduce me as Lani Kaahumanu, the bisexual speaker. I wasn't being "shown off" exactly, but sometimes the tokenism grated my nerves. Being the only visible one of anything is taxing and isolating. By the end of each day I was starved for good ol' bisexual company. Thank goodness there were so many bisexuals around and a BiNET USA meeting and an Erotic

Reading on Friday, and a national conference and dance on Saturday. I was well nourished.

By the time Sunday arrived I was ready. I had worked hard and thought about this day for two months. When I pictured myself talking in front of TV cameras and a million people I rode the adrenaline rush like a surfer catches a wave. My biggest breakthrough came at one point while working on the speech. I cranked up some "writing" music — Simon and Garfunkel's Concert in Central Park. As I went back to my desk I thought about being on stage. Suddenly the speakers filled the room with crowd noise — thousands of Central Park Concert goers cheering and clapping. At that moment I experienced a level of terror that made my body shiver. I stopped in my tracks and began to cry. I cried for a very long time and then started laughing. What a perfect way to get over the fear of being in front of so many people! I played the crowd noise over and over until the adrenaline subsided.

I thought about the first National Bisexual Conference in 1990. How we applauded loudly when BiPOL's Autumn Courtney proclaimed the nineties as the "decade of the bisexual." The vision of our bisexual community and movement becoming a viable and respected player at the larger queer community table was within our reach. Who would have guessed that we would have secured national recognition less than two years later? But there we were in L.A. in January, 1992, demanding that bisexual rights be recognized in the title of the 1993 March on Washington. Our time had definitely arrived. Many of us took leadership in organizing positions on the national, regional, and local levels for the March.

A quiet sense of pride filled me the morning of April 25th, 1993. We made it. We carried the banner in the front of the March, performed on the morning stage, and marched as loud, proud, and visible bisexuals in almost every group. In the bisexual contingent we were over 1,000 strong. Two gigantic diamond screens telecast the afternoon. stage activities with the title "1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation" across the top. And yes, there we were on the afternoon stage.

I say "we" were on the afternoon stage because we

were. I did not feel alone up there for a minute. I can't quite explain it, but you all were with me. For the entire day I felt I was speaking for more than myself. There was a definite sense of bistory in the making as I networked and challenged the biphobia, and reminded forgetful MCs and speakers that it was the lesbian, gay, and bisexual March, and appreciated those who said "bisexual" throughout their speeches. I was very conscious of wanting to represent "us" as best as one person possibly could. Whenever I felt intimidated I just remembered how many strong and proud bisexual people I have had the opportunity of meeting here in the USA and in Europe over the last few years. I also knew

there were thousands of bisexuals out there marching in huge numbers making a different kind of statement to the world.

Because unscheduled speakers were given time throughout the day, the stage ran an hour late. As the last speaker my 5:30 p.m. slot came up around 6:45 p.m. Quite honestly, by this time I was emotionally exhausted and bruised from the general lack of respect, the tokenism, the invisibility of bisexual people and our issues and the divisive speeches given by many of the lesbian and gay leaders. I was in no mood to be told 10 minutes before I was to go on that time was running out and that the Park Service was threatening to turn off the sound at 7 p.m. One of the Co-Chairs told me that they were asking everyone to shorten their time to two minutes in order to get everyone who was scheduled on the stage.

Something inside of me snapped when I heard this. I have always been willing to compromise, see both sides of an issue, build alliances, work things out. I have never been a very pushy, or disruptive inyour-face type of activist/ organizer. But honey, did I turn a corner that day! I made it crystal clear that if there hadn't been blatant biphobia coming from the stage, as well as behind the stage all day. and if everyone would have done their homework and remembered that it was indeed the lesbian, gay, and bisexual March on Washington, and if I wasn't the only bisexual speaker out of the 18 chosen, I would consider editing my speech to two minutes. After all, I had been a producer and I understood the situation they



continued on page 53

March On Washington

by Katie Mechem

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The first time I heard about the '93 March on Washington was from an old friend who was very involved in organizing for it. When she asked if I wanted to get involved, I told her (for the first time) that I was identifying as bisexual now, and that I didn't feel right working for a lesbian/gay organization. I was so thrilled to hear her say "Oh! Well bisexuals are definitely included, in fact the title is 'March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation."

My reaction was "Wow! I can still be part of this movement!" Maybe it's not only about building our own bisexual community because the lesbian/gay community doesn't want us. When I came out as bisexual, after nine years of hanging with lesbians, I had felt like I pretty much had to write off that community. I was getting very sick of being the round peg in the square hole there — it was fitting less and less. It seemed like I had to stay closeted about who I am, and/ or put up with lots of biphobia.

Of course that hasn't all changed just as a result of having "Bi" in the title of the March, but I believe things have shifted in a very important way. A thousand kudos to all the bis and our allies who struggled for our inclusion! The March was probably the strongest, most visible statement of this movement/community ever. And we were presented to the world as part of it. Not yet as equals, but unmistakably a part of the movement. And the more visible we become, the harder it is for lesbians and gay men to stereotype us and ignore or dismiss us.

Hearing Lani Kaahumanu, our bisexual speaker on the main stage, the steps of the Capitol, was one of the most transformative, wonderful. emotional moments of my Washington experience. The steps of the Capitol were just fuzzy specks way off in the distance for this marcher, but Lani's strong, beautiful face was also on huge screens set up for those of us at the back. When I realized she could also be seen by millions around the country and the world on TV, I was blown away all over again. One thing it did for me was to help me take myself and the rest of us more seriously. It's somehow easier to listen to yourself when people, A LOT of people, are listening to you.

Being in Washington for three days before the March, it gradually sank in how much this was the Center of it All. So many imposing, majestic buildings, so much rhetoric about freedom, democracy, justice, equality, so much history. I'm usually quite cynical about the relationship of those concepts to the reality of life in the U.S. But in that setting I couldn't help actually considering what those ideals were supposed to mean, and what it might feel like if they came true for us as bisexuals. lesbians, gay men and transgendered people. And in the same moment I felt the sadness that that was still such a wild leap of the imagination.

A huge variety of events were held during the week before and after the March itself. I really regret that I don't have time to describe all that I attended — almost as much as I regret that I couldn't attend

three times as many as I did! So I'll just mention a few of the events here.

Washington, D.C.'s Holocaust Museum had just opened up, and a candlelight vigil was held to honor "lesbian/gay" Holocaust victims. (The two emcees were both bisexual: Elias Farajajé-Jones and Starhawk, and undoubtedly some of those "lesbians and gays" honored were actually bisexual.) One speaker described at length what has been discovered about our people during the Nazi era. He told quite a number of personal stories of ordinary and extraordinary queer people's lives. Those who survived the concentration camps still came home to rejection and ostracism by family and friends because they had been "branded" with the pink triangle.

Starhawk, a longtime leader in feminist/women's spirituality/pagan circles, created a moving, participatory ritual, using elements of nature, music, and candles. The final step was the creation of a large pink triangle out of carnations placed by hundreds of us who were present.

One of my larger reasons for going to Washington was to attend the National Conference Celebrating Bisexuality the day before the March. While the San Francisco area has a relatively large and strong bisexual community, I was still very excited about the prospect of seeing hundreds, maybe thousands of bisexuals from all over the country, and some from beyond our borders. I was also hoping for a kind of overview or finger on the pulse of where the community/movement is at, and I think this was achieved.

The state of the bi community/movement looked to be very healthy judging from the workshops offered and the plentiful articles included in the packet we received with registration. Workshop topics spanned from identity, relationships, sex, activism, HIV community and alliance building, spirituality, and bisexual aesthetics. I'm still savoring the articles in the registration packet, on bi history, inclusion in lesbian/gay organizations, "Black and Bi," transgender liberation, and white privilege.

I either knew or knew of many of the people presenting, leading, or facilitating at the conference. The years of experience, the serious analysis and scholarship, the bold and creative ideas, and the commitment and heart that went into the conference were very impressive. It was also a treat to hear the views and experience of all the diverse people who participated in workshops.

A workshop on white racism I attended addressed issues crucial in this society and for the bisexual movement as well. If the movement is truly for freedom, we must strive and learn ways to avoid reproducing the oppressions many of us were raised with. And if we are to avoid becoming a singleissue movement that narrows the struggle to the lowest common denominator, we must work to broaden our understanding of our sisters and brothers and of ourselves.

One of the excellent workshops I attended was "Combating Bisexual Internalized Oppression." It started with an endless list of bisexual stereotypes, and of the ways in which we minimize or trivialize our lives and those of other bi's. It was sometimes shocking and saddening to realize that those things run around in my mind. But it was also good to have all those niggling, demoralizing patterns brought out in the

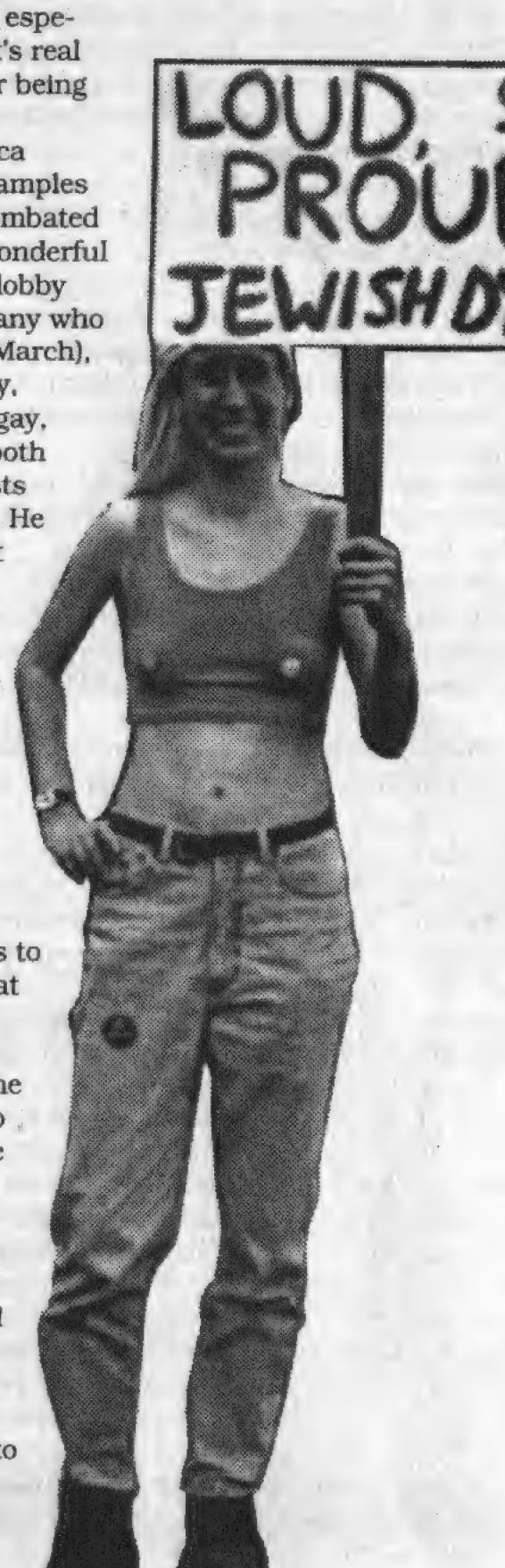
open and identified as BIPHO-BIA or internalized oppression.

I was surprised to see the faces of people I knew who had been out and even pretty vocal and public for a long time. I guess that just shows that there is always room for more healing and strength, especially in a society that's real short on validation for being who we are.

The leader, Rebecca Shuster, asked for examples of how people have combated biphobia, and got a wonderful story: A man went to lobby his Senator (as did many who came to town for the March), and heard lesbian/gay. lesbian/gay, lesbian/gay, over and over again, both from the other lobbyists and from the Senator. He finally spoke up about bisexuals, and made his point eloquently and clearly enough for the politicians. They actually picked it up and used the Bi-word in the next statement. Here's an example of how when we come to value ourselves and our reality, it empowers us to take on the powers that be and to move our

struggle forward. "Empowering" is the best word I've found to sum up my experience in Washington. A few other words are close runners up, too: Wonderful, Fantastic, Exhilarating, and Fun! And all is not lost if you weren't able to be there. New York in June, 1994 promises to be a very similar adventure, with a march on the United Nations, another bisexual conference.

the Gay Games (the community's equivalent of the Olympics), and more related events than you can shake a stick at.



Activists

by Kateri

Sometimes, do you feel like the world will fall apart if you don't hold it together?

(she pulls off her shirt, then, huddled in the center of the crowd, her bra... marching bare-chested among thousands, well, maybe hundreds of women down Michigan Avenue, not quite sure why, but sure it's somehow important)

Sometimes, does your body feel like a battlefield, and your only shield is trust in human nature?

(he walks into the capitol building, resting on the arm of his lover... they clasp hands and lie down to die together... the sixties' love-ins never predicted this day when dying is a political statement)

Sometimes, do you want to crawl away from the public battlefield and return home to lick your wounds, and let the world fall apart?

(she walked away unscathed, this time, he is kicked by casual passerby... glancing, surreptitiously... a body wracked with the last stages of AIDS convulses, and his lover's hand is cold and clammy in his grasp)

Kateri is a bisexual, Indian-American college student at the University of Chicago.

immigrants

by Indigo Som

Mouang & I
were talkin to the new woman
downstairs in retail
her name is Beatriz & she's from Chile
& she was askin what's the difference between Mouang & me
well Laos is very different from China
was the basic point we were tryin to get
across/ Beatriz was sayin are the languages different? Chinese &
Mien? Mien is the name of your language? she asked
& Mouang said yeh, Mi-en/ real slow so she cd understand it
so then Beatriz turns to me & says/ & what about you

oh she speaks English, says Mouang

See bio page 7



Flagrant Non-Assimilationists: Celebrating Diversity and Radicalism in Washington DC

by Liz A. Highleyman

Not everyone at the March on Washington is interested in assimilation, and we don't all want to join the military! While some gay people decry the bad impression given by leatherfolk, political radicals, and drag queens, others of us attend such events to celebrate our queerness (sexual, political, and cultural), not to impress or reassure the "general population."

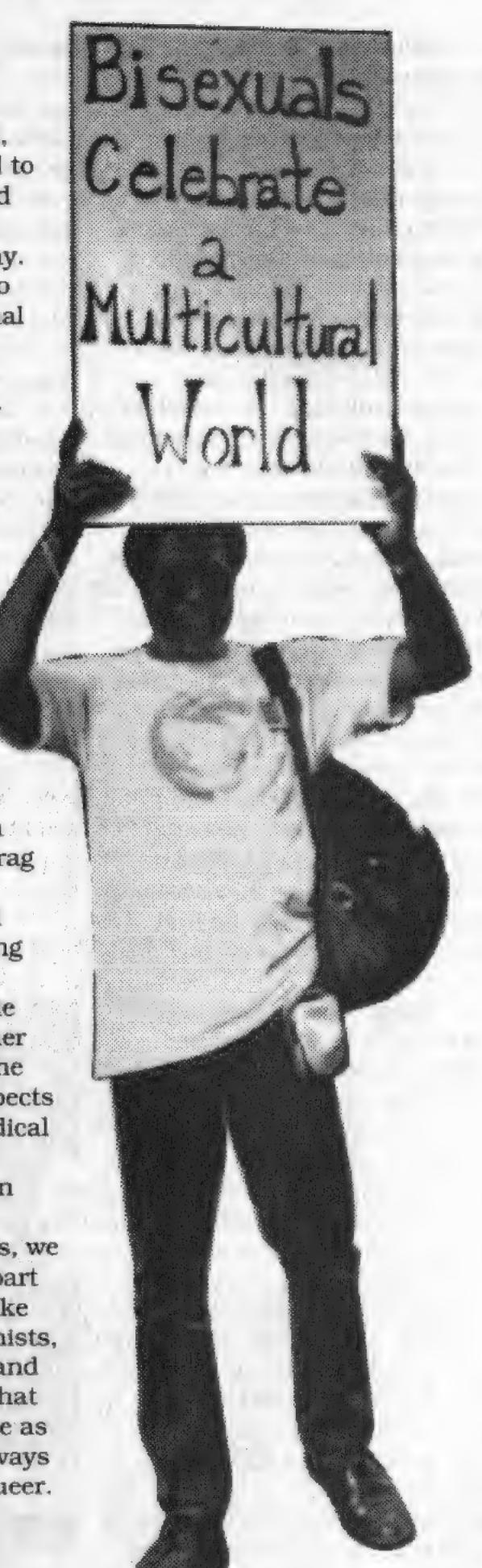
Black-clad anarchists from networks like the Love & Rage network joined with queer antiinterventionists and prisoner support groups (including Lesbians and Gays Against Intervention [LAGAI] and Queers in Support of Political Prisoners [(QUISP]) to form an anti-authoritarian/anti-militarist contingent. This contingent marched behind the military/ veterans contingent and received much applause with their chants of "Make love! Not War!" and "Be all you can be! Mutiny!" The Red and Anarchist Skinheads were a popular favorite with their banner "Anti-racist skinheads and punx against homophobia" and chant "Oi Oi Oi! We fuck boys!" The anarchist contingent was one of the most sexually diverse, containing many heterosexual and "nonidentified" people and a large proportion of bisexuals.

The leather-s/m contingent spanned several blocks. The wait was long and hot for the leather-clad marchers, many dressed in the traditional chaps, boots, jackets, and caps. Many others were in little more than harnesses and

leashes. While they waited, the contingent was treated to demonstrations of toys and techniques, including an impressive bullwhip display. The leather contingent also included people of all sexual orientations, proving that solidarity in support of sexual liberation can transcend orientation boundaries.

The Radical Faeries, a group of gay men embracing radical politics and alternative spirituality, are heirs to the early Stonewall spirit, when gay liberation implied radical social change. This was a visually and musically pleasing contingent. They were arrayed in various combinations of drag and genderfuck clothing, wings, pagan symbols and piercing rings, while playing drums and bells. Flitting between the s/m and faerie contingents were the leather faeries, who synthesized the spiritual and aesthetic aspects of the leather-s/m and radical faerie cultures.

Some believe that when gay, lesbian and bisexual people achieve equal rights, we will become just another part of the mainstream, "just like everyone else." The anarchists, leatherfolk, drag queens, and faeries make me hopeful that no matter how far we come as a movement, some will always remain quintessentially queer.



Steering Queer in D.C.

by Renee Chinquapin

I landed in Washington for the March, alone and split in my loyalties. Should I march with the Jewish contingent? The bisexuals? The transgendered? The lesbians? The Pagans? The Californians? Label-phobic as I am, I spread myself thinner than a bumper sticker those four days. The Dyke Hike saw tens of thousands of women-who-lovewomen marching on the White House, but I found it incredibly difficult to make any eye contact with my co-marchers, as I found it likewise almost impossible to joke around with lesbian-identified couples I saw everywhere. Does every attractive single queer woman pose a threat to such couples? I found the gay male couples much more relaxed and thus accessible. A memorial service for the gay victims of the Holocaust, co-led by out bisexual Starhawk, left me moved and grateful to be alive and somewhat free to publicly be just who and whatever the heck I am.

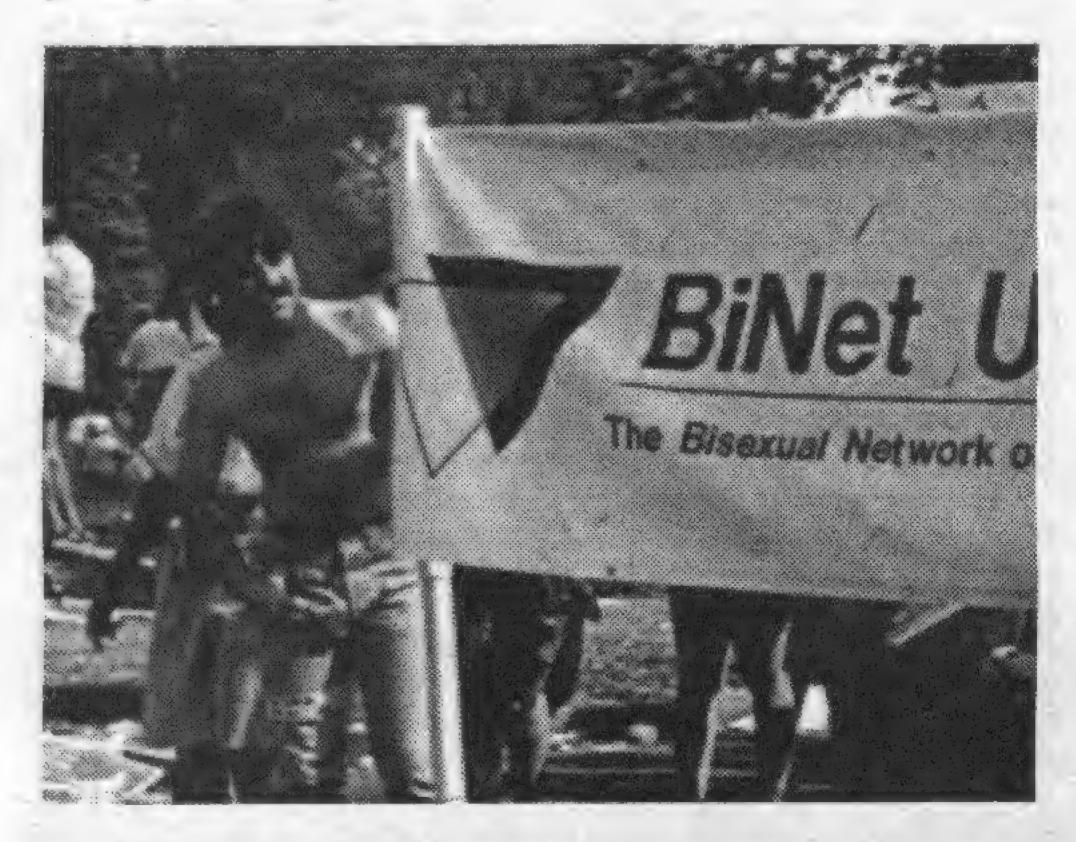
I spent a frustrating morning with the Transgendered Coalition; when I suggested forming a circle instead of having everyone sit in chairs facing a podium, they called me a control freak. I didn't hear a word about solidarity. racism, feminism, multiculturalism, AIDS, Queers in the Military, etc., but only repeated complaints about unfair exclusion from the March's Title. I marched with this contingent on Sunday, and though I kept hearing speakers include transgendered in their speeches, there were no more than thirty marching together.

of which only three were female to male crossdressers or transsexuals. It took a lot of nerve to even march with this group, as the appalled, disgusted looks on many of the onlookers' faces challenged me to suddenly address one of them with, "You don't have a clue who's who or what's what, do you? Well, guess what, that's the point!"

The Bisexual Conference impressed me mightily and I recommend June 1994's sequel in New York. Elias Farajajé-Jones particularly inspired me; try and see or hear this beautiful, courageous, brilliant and articulate man, you will not regret it. Sixty (!) workshops addressed issues of identity, relationships, sexuality, spirituality, and activism. I attended Carol Queen and Loraine Hutchins' workshop, "Honoring Sexual and Genderal Diversity," which simply and powerfully involved the personal sharing of each participant. Usually the best

workshops seem to draw on the collective wisdom of the group, rather than the pedagogic wisdom of the leaders. Julie Waters' "Beyond Gender" workshop left everyone totally confused, which was probably its intention. I got to put into effect the "Creative Flirting" workshop that very evening, when a scantily dressed motorcycle madonna danced near me.

It felt so good to take over the driver's seat of the Empire for a few days, to see queer couples flaunting their affection for each other the way straight couples do every day, everywhere. Participating in the March fired me up to help organize a bi-women's support group in the East Bay, to help with the new bi-women's newsletter, to give a front-page interview with the East Bay Express. Yes, and to submit this little personal account of The March.



You Wouldn't Know Love

by Robert P. Beveridge

Death is nothing Death is the ultimate fantasy

You sit across the table drinking herbal tea from an espresso cup; and bitching

Another girlfriend dead of AIDS and all your friends shrink from the subject you wouldn't know love if it came up and bit you in the ass, you say, and don't give me this "bisexual" shit you don't know men you wouldn't know men if they came up and bit you in the ass, you say, and by the way isn't the brunette cute? Boy, I'd like her tongue up in me

Washing down a last bite of cashew chocolate chip cookie with the dregs of a cream soda I calmly reply

all your friends are dying of AIDS
and most people shrink from the subject of
death
most people
shrink from the subject of AIDS too
so you're screwed seven ways to Sunday, right?
I guess
I wouldn't know men
if they came up
and fucked me in the ass,
but you're right,
I don't allow teeth

I thought you were sensitive you say you're a poet, right? Aren't all poets sensitive?

I am sensitive I say there's a moth in my bloodstream for every rhododendron homeless on the streets of a burning Rome, but where's the sense in mourning the dead? The Irish drink The Welsh eat We sit around and mope like someone just kicked our dogs. Where's the use in that? You say the dead are in a better place so quit whining and let them be happy there

Robert Beveridge's poetry has appeared in Exquisite Corpse, Protea Poetry Journal, Modern Halku, and Haiku Quarterly.

near my body

Travels with Blanche Long Beach Pride Celebration, 1993

by Blanche

What a weekend! I am exhausted, but extra-glad my friend, Jae Rich, was kind enough to take me to be part of Long Beach, California's tenyear anniversary lesbian and gay pride celebration. The theme of the two day event, "A Family of Pride," was intended to express a much more broad definition of family. And wow, did the family come home for this one! The Long Beach Press Telegram reported that 10,000 people attended the festival on Saturday May 22, and after the parade on Sunday there were three times that number. Kudos to Long Beach Lesbian and Gay Pride, Inc.

The festival grounds, Shoreline Aquatic Park, is 20 acres of rolling hills and walkways circling an inlet of water. Jae and I split up so we could go "both ways" and compare notes when we met again. There were over 200 exhibitors of goods and services, including queer stuff, food, information, "dunk a hunk" and, of course, dancing. The 8,000 square foot country dance hall and a 10,000 square foot throbbing house dance pavilion were jammed with great numbers of sweating humans representing clearly 100% of the available genders.

I finally met Jae sitting at a table near the main entertainment stage. We were waiting for the Bronski Beat appearance when I noticed tears

coming from behind Jae's sunglasses. He said, "I have found myself crying off and on all day. We have 30,000 people here and, unless proven otherwise, we're all presumably queer, or at least queer positive. I'm overwhelmed: this is like a dream vacation on 'queer



island' and I don't want to leave. It's too empowering."

Jae said his only complaint is the total lack of bisexual groups at the festival. I agreed, but I have a problem pointing fingers at any organization. I don't think Long Beach Lesbian and Gay Pride, Inc. is to blame. They undertook a massive effort and did a fabulous job. I think we in the bisexual community have to do whatever we can to become

part of any pride celebration in any city in the world.

Jae showed me his loot of two t-shirts, a box of flavored condoms, and a "fun lesbian safer sex starter kit."

After enjoying performances by local gay and lesbian groups including the Gay Men's Chorus of Long Beach, we went to an area dedicated to art and culture. Booths included works by queer artists as well as the Gay Archives' history of the gay and lesbian movement. For two days poetry was read and

> comedy performed while people perused the art. We both agreed that our personal favorite was a drawing called "loving each other" by Steven J. Calvert, a wonderful bierotic piece.

On the walk to the car Jae and I discussed the amazing diversity of the crowd: old and young, men and women of all sizes, colors and look. As we waited for a traffic signal to change, I spotted a foursome across the street. They all appeared to be about 25 or so, waiting for the green light to go into the festival area. I said. "Look at those four. How wonderful! Let's stay

here and wait for the next signal, ok?" The light changed, and we stood our ground in silent support. The four went by hand in hand, womanwoman-man. Jae and I held each other: "We have arrived."

LYRIC Opens Youth Talk Line in San Francisco

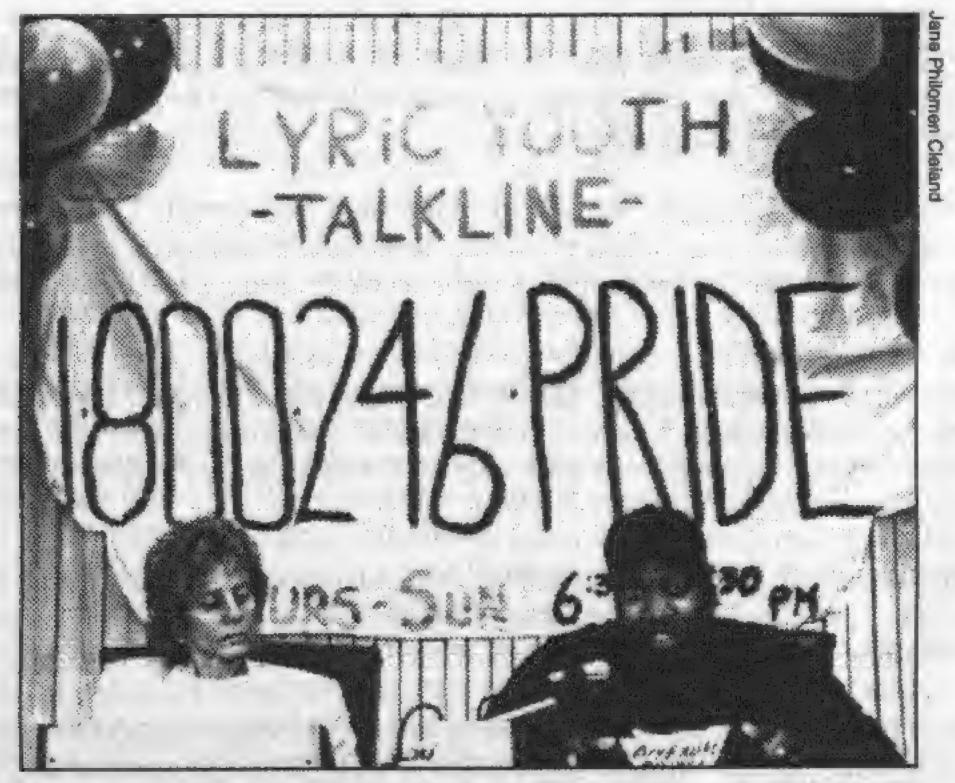
Bisexual youth activist Terri Flamer was one of the featured speakers at a press conference announcing the new Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center (LYRIC) Talk Line for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and questioning young people. The event was held in the San Francisco Board of Supervisors chambers at City Hall on June 4th. Also present at the celebration were Angie Fa — member of the San Francisco School Board and the first Asian lesbian to be elected to office in the USA, Supervisor Carole Migden — the lone gay or lesbian on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, and Supervisors Terrance Hallinan and Barbara Hoffman who congratulated the members of LYRIC. The following is the speech Terri delivered:

"Good afternoon. My name is Terri. As a 22 y.o. bisexual woman who grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area on the Peninsula, I know first hand the importance of a line that caters to the needs of gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, and questioning youth.

We all know how difficult it is to be a teen in these times and there are lots of places for most kids to get help; but to be a teen struggling with issues of sexuality, and HIV, it can be a lonely, miserable and sometimes life-threatening experience. Almost everyone in their lives are unapproachable. Many times parents, teachers, friends, preachers are not options for young people to reach out to when they are coming out. This is one of the reasons there is a high suicide rate for queer youth.

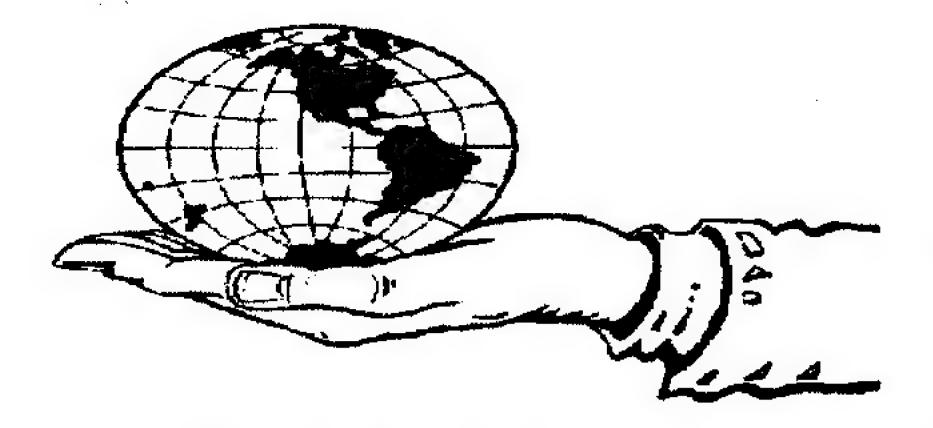
For me personally, I had no one. I was raised in the suburbs in a christian family who hold opinions that are openly sex negative, especially when it comes to homosexuality. In my middle class existence, there was only school, sports and church. When I began to make discoveries about my own sexuality, those arenas were very intimidating to try and find help. But when the isolation got to be too much and I wanted to reach out to others like me, I had nowhere to turn. I had to go through a hot line based in New York that only had numbers for gay, lesbian, and bisexual political organizations.

I wished for a long time that there was a place I could call that I could be myself, get information, be supported, and get assistance. There are plenty of teenagers now who feel the same way I did. That is why this hot line was started. Thank you."



San Francisco Supervisor Carole Migden looks on as bisexual youth activist Terri Flamer speaks at LYRIC press conference





our world

by John Rosin

First of all, thanks to all of you who have organized parties and outings and field trips and all of the other fun things that have meant so much to the bi community over the last years, witnessed in Bi-Friendly's five year anniversary this June. In the transient Bay Area where people come and go so quickly (Hmmm, isn't that a line from *The Wizard of Oz?*), the commitment to building the bi community is truly remarkable.

Not only is Bi-Friendly celebrating five years of outreach, but our sibling organizations are also coming of age. The South Bay Bi-Friendly is marking its own "Founders Day" with a barbecue in Palo Alto, and the newly- christened Sacramento Area Bisexual Network is throwing a birthday bash at Time-Tested Books in Sacramento. (Did anybody remember to invite our governor?)

Our suspicions that there existed another well-networked bi community in a world parallel to the one so frequently written about in this column proved to be correct. (Bi-Trekkies can reference the concept of a parallel universe.) Our new friends, affectionately dubbed the "Cyber-Bis", have drawn on their expertise in the computer industry to develop their friendships utilizing the ever more popular electronic mail channels. Anyone interested in receiving activist or social notices via this medium can send e-mail to ELLEN@DGI.COM on the Internet.

Groups and sub-groups: Bi-Friendly East Bay is now meeting in the comfortable and congenial Au Coquelet on University Avenue near Milvia in Berkeley... the Jewish Bi Caucus has hosted numerous fun events including the Sukkot harvest festival in October and the traditional Hanukkah party in December... and support and discussion groups continue to pop up all over the greater Bay Area (a partial listing can be obtained electronically by requesting the Bi-Friendly newsletter from the address above).

Girls (and boys) just wanna have fun: The AIDS Dance-A-Thon, held at the cavernous Fort Mason, was a record-breaking success again this year, with bis clad in "Bi Pride" t-shirts doing their part to hype the fun, frolic, and financial rewards.

Our recognition continues to grow, with the Harvey Milk Democratic Club now including bisexuals in its name. Special thanks to former club president (and now San Francisco School board member) Angie Fa for supporting this move toward inclusion and to Dr. Maggi Rubenstein for so diligently pursuing it.

So what exactly is a "bisexual blind date?" We found out this Valentine's Day when hordes of well-dressed people with identifying flowers (so your blind date knows you, of course) converged on 50s-style Mel's in Berkeley. Then we were off to dance at the East Bay's preeminent dance club, Thunder Bay.

Where did they all come from? Hundreds and hundreds of marchers in the bi contingent at the March on Washington, took seriously Yogi Berra's famous suggestion, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it!" Thanks to the organizers of the dance held at George Washington University the night before and to local MOW committee co-chair Gerard Palmeri for helping to make it all happen.

Finally, thanks to Karla Rossi for her success in launching **Anything That Moves**. We'll all miss you. Until next issue and the next installment of *Our World*, have a wonderful and fun-filled summer!

With A Little Help

by G. R. Gross

Seventeen years into a marriage, I uncovered a part of myself that lay so tightly coiled inside I had no idea of its existence. I'm not a man of surprises and I surprised the hell out of myself.

"You like Harry, then?" my wife asked, putting away the dishes as I washed.

"He's fine for a neighbor," I said, "but I think you are the one who likes him..."

"No! What do you mean by that?"

Lisa is a placid woman, normally, just right for my placid life in the cool rainy Northwest. I sell computers, she works in a bank. We make love once a week; more, I understand, than the average couple married as long a time as we have.

"He reminds you of the guy who played in the James Bond movies, doesn't he?"

"Well... yes, just a little."

"It's fine with me," I said as I hugged her.

Two days later Harry invited me to his house for a drink.

"Wait, I'll see if my wife is home..."

"Let's get to know each other, Allen. Don't you and your wife have separate friends?"

"As a matter of fact, no," I told him. I took that drink and it soon became a habit to stop by Harry's on the way home. He was an engineer with an interest in rare books and literature. Spending time with Harry reminded me of college. Long discussions one-on-one or with a group of guys about the world and what it meant. In college, the discussions always ended up on the sub-

ject of girls. Harry didn't talk about girls or women.

I worked with a couple of gay men and after the initial period of adjustment didn't think about it again. After all it didn't concern me.

"I think Harry is gay," Lisa said.

"Why?"

"Well for one thing he's not married, doesn't date..."

"Lisa, what does that prove..."

"Nothing, just a feeling."

"He's never come on to you, right?"

"No he hasn't."

"Or to me either," I said.

Lisa encouraged me in the growing friendship with Harry. He would often stop after dinner to talk with me. Lisa sat quietly at the end of the sofa listening in a proprietary manner.

"I think it's good for you. Harry brings out a whole other side of you that I've never seen before."

"What side is that?"

"Your passionate artistic side."

"I didn't know I had one."
"I didn't either," Lisa
laughed.

I made arrangements to have dinner at Harry's when Lisa had to stay late for a business conference.

"Come on in, the door's unlocked," Harry said. "I'm just finishing a shower." He walked into his living room wrapped in a towel. "I'll just be a minute." He walked toward his bedroom door and the towel slipped of.

A tall well-tanned man in his late forties, the sight of his white cheeks caused me to catch my breath. I felt just like I used to as a teenager looking at stroke magazines for the first time. I was puzzled and reserved all through dinner.

Harry, to his credit, didn't say a word about how impolite I must have seemed. That night I had the first of a series of erotic dreams which while starting out with women ended with images that even I recognized as homosexual.

What's wrong, Allen?" Lisa asked when I put off making love to her for the first time in over a year. "You're getting sick, right?" She sat combing her red curly hair, her blue eyes filled with sympathy.

"No, maybe. I'm not sleeping well."

My wife cooed her concern and began to massage me. She hadn't used her hands to make love to me in years. I closed my eyes and let her continue, giving myself up to homoerotic fantasies.

There, with a little help..."
I was startled by her voice, so into my own fantasies, that I expected to hear Harry as I lay quietly with her hand still around me.

"Nothing, I just started to drift off, I guess." She bent forward, her hair tickling my stomach and kissed me.

Two weeks later I entered a video arcade for the first time since college. It was one that featured gay films. I stayed away from Harry as much as I could.

"You look awful," Harry stood on his back porch as I maneuvered the lawn mower out of my garage. "Are you sick?"

"No just haven't been sleeping well..."

"You know, it would help if you worked out or jogged. Why

continued next page

don't you come with me to the gym..."

"No! I'm sorry. Please don't..."

"Okay, friend, but think about it."

"Harry's right, Allen. You should go to the gym with him."

"Are you two in cahoots?"

"He's your friend. He's
worried about you and so am I.
Don't you remember the song,
you know. With a Little Help
From My Friends?" Lisa started
to hum the Beatles song.

I stood in the gym's shower room with Harry watching the water cascade off his body. His head was full of suds. "What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a bald man shampoo before?" We both laughed. "Or is it the novel sight in America of an uncircumcised cock?" I blushed, but fortunately Harry had his eyes closed as he rinsed the bubbles off his head and body.

"I won't be back until after eleven, Allen. Make yourself dinner. Sorry, gotta work later. Call me at the office. We got an audit going." The voice from the answering machine was Lisa's. I called and talked to her until she had to return to work. "Go over to Harry's. Don't sit around the house in a mope."

"My wife sent me over," I said to Harry. "She thinks I shouldn't be alone."

"She's right, as usual.

Come on in. I've got two great
videos I'm about to watch." I
followed Harry into his bedroom. "Sit down. Make yourself
useful. The remote control is
on your side."

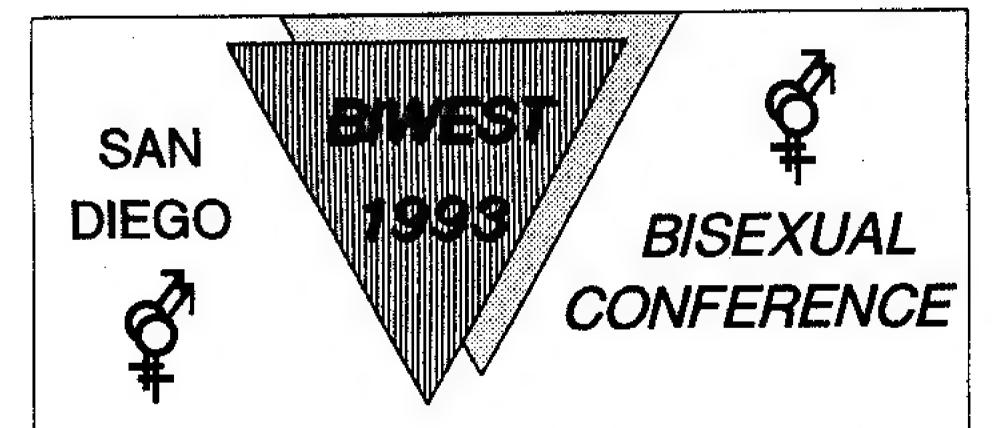
"Your side," he said. I sat stiffly toward the edge and watched the screen. The first film was European, murky, with subtitles. There were a lot of naked bodies, mostly male and a lot of simulated sex. I was both bored and aroused.

Much later I lay with my head on Harry's stomach, my body curled around his. I held on to his cock and studied it. It felt velvety smooth. I remembered the surprise of its dry clean taste in my mouth.

"Just do what you like done to you," Harry had said. He had tried to enter me, but I stopped him. I wasn't ready for it yet. He was kind about it. "All it takes is a little help from a friend," he said. I lay contented, yet disturbed. He was

my friend or maybe more, but so was my wife. She thought she married a man without surprises. As I felt Harry grow in my hand, I wondered if Lisa felt the same tactile sensation with me and whether my life could hold all of it together.

G. R. Gross is married and a lapsed bisexual. He has written poetry and short stories in college. He especially enjoys writing about sex; what he calls "the dirty parts." His science fantasy novel "Rio Sombre" is being serialized in APAEros.



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D. Words. Our Voices

My Paintings

by Pearl Davles Saad

"All my paintings are self portraits." Sometimes people don't understand what that means, because the women do not all look alike and they do not all look like me. What I mean when I say they are all self portraits is that each painting expresses an emotional/spiritual part of who I am.

I do not sit down with a preconceived notion of what I will paint. I just sit down with my paints and easel and canvas (or actual wooden door or other oversized medium) and play with mixing colors. I usually listen to the radio. My favorite show to paint to is Jim Bennet's Forms and Feelings on KPFA on Sunday afternoons. I love listening to his jazz show and painting.

I don't paint from a concept, I paint from my feelings. Sometimes there is something strong and powerful welling up within me that wants to express itself. Other times I discover what is within me by what I see when I have finished. I paint almost all of my paintings in one sitting with acrylics. Usually it takes me one and one-half to two hours to finish a painting.

When I started painting on a regular basis four years ago I couldn't paint faces. I would paint bodies, but I would create them so the head was out of the picture. It used to be the same way with hands and feet, but now my "friends," as I call my paintings, have faces and hands and feet. I really like my paintings. After I finish one I take it into my bedroom and let it sit with me so I can absorb the energy created and find the meaning. This is when I "bond" with the painting.

My paintings are vested with who I am. People either like them or they don't. In my old apartment I had about 20 paintings up most of the time, and it was very interesting to see how people reacted to them. Women tend to respond more overtly to my work, but both men and women respond positively to my paintings and I really like that. In my old bedroom I had an 8'x 4' self portrait painted on plywood and a 6'x 8' painting of Arab women. The living room was similar to a gallery in that I would rotate my paintings through there. I would hang my current favorites, usually eight paintings at a time.

I am really proud of the body of work I have created. Not all of them are wonderful, but all them are mine. I believe there are many ways for a woman to create. I've been thinking that I don't have to have children, I can create and bring forth life in other ways. That doesn't mean I won't have children, but it recognizes the creative force within me.

"art" training. Basically I just paint. I started painting shortly after I moved to California about fourteen years ago. I bought some tubes of acrylic paint and some paintbrushes at Kress' on Shattuck Avenue from a fifty-cent bin. I would water the paints down and paint on paper bags taped

together. I did one on a piece of posterboard which was my first self-portrait. My image took up most of the painting, naked, with no head, hands, or feet. The painting was very sexual. Most of my paintings are sexual. I find that energy very strong and very creative.

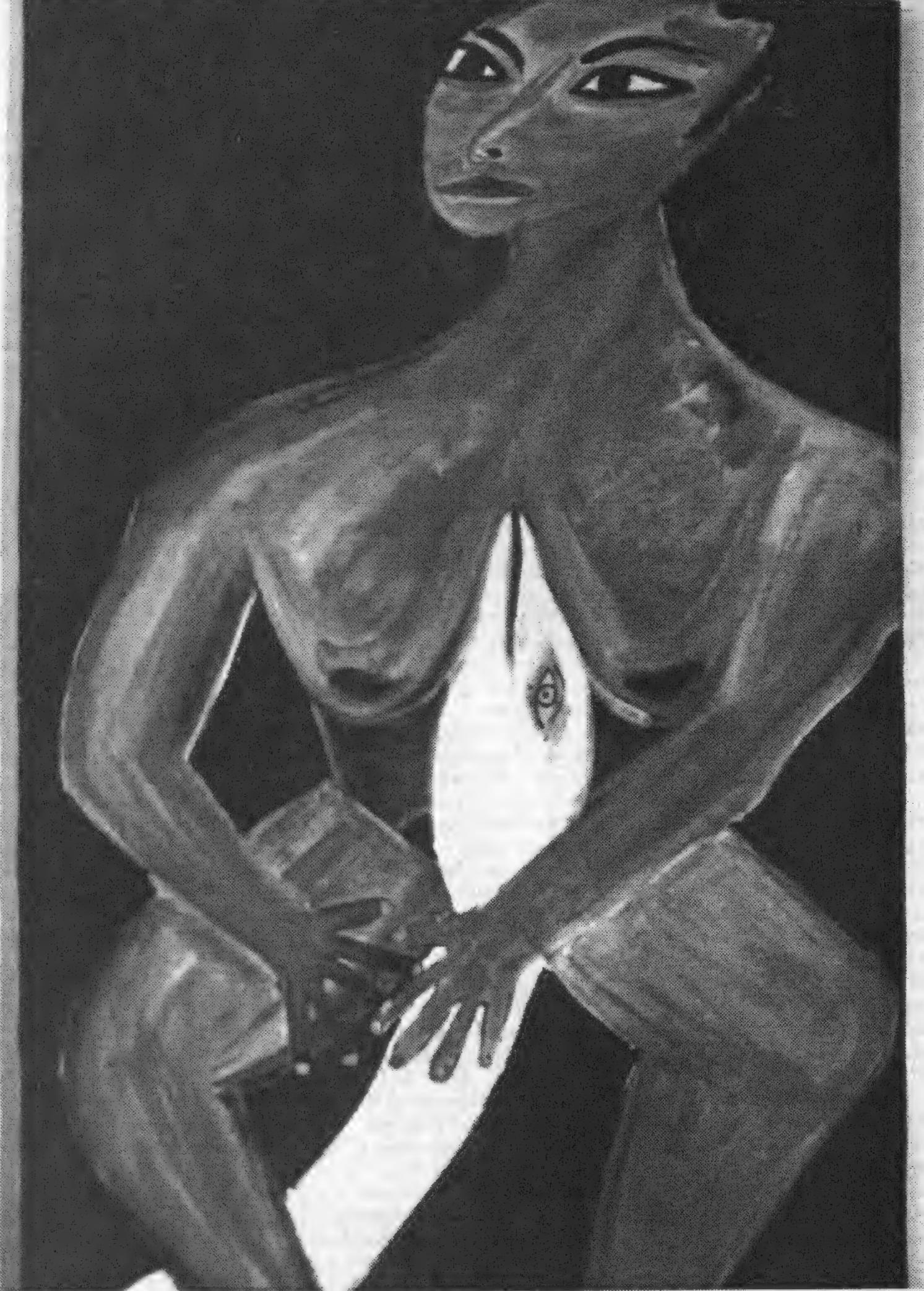
I took an anatomy class in New York City when I was a teenager, and I used to go to art classes at the local art museum where I grew up. I am grateful I was always encouraged to paint, draw and express myself creatively.

So, that is a little bit about me as an artist. I love the creative energy which runs through me. It is a life force. Art, or creation, is not something intellectual for me. I can't draw things in "perspective." If you ask me to draw a picture of you, it will bear no resemblance to you, because I don't think that way. I will paint the emotional response you evoke in me.

The photos of my paintings displayed in this magazine were taken by my good friend and excellent photographer Mark McPhail.

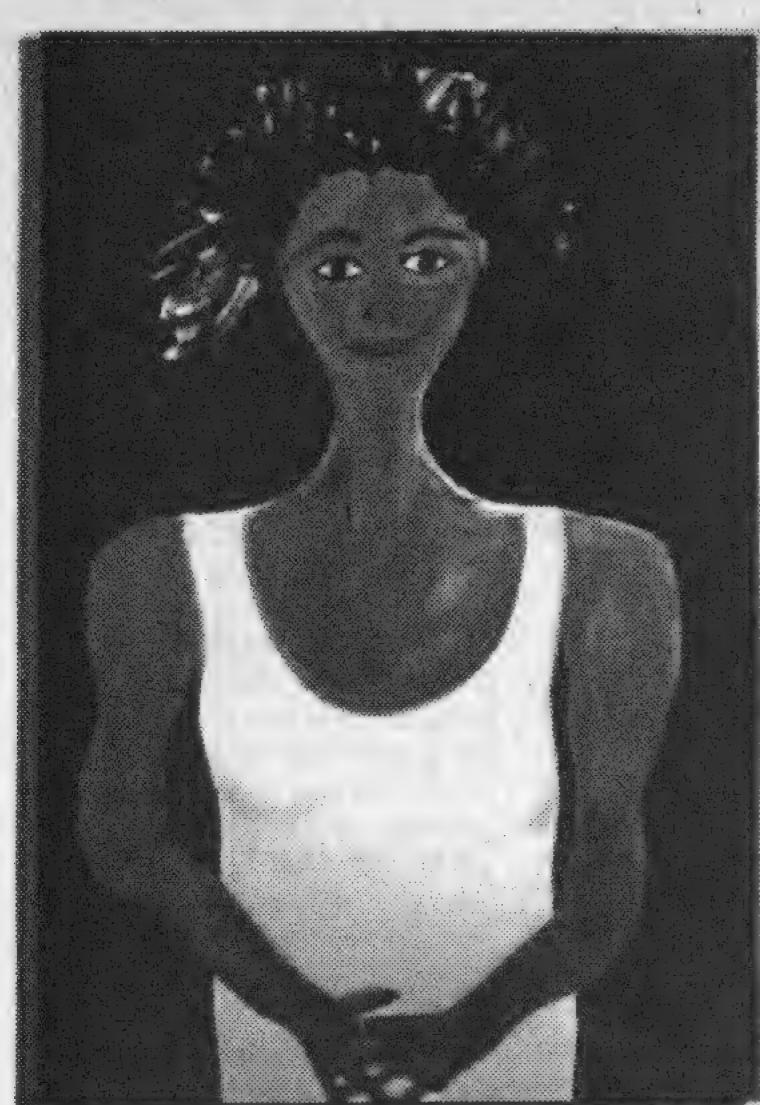
I hope you enjoy the pictures.





24

Anything That Moves



← For Zoe, 1992

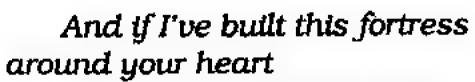
ProSex SafeSex, 1992

Just Right, 1991



Not The Same Old Gadfly-Bi

by Adrienne Davis



Encircled you in trenches and barbed wire

Then let me build a bridge For I cannot fill the chasm And let me set the battlements on fire

> Sting, Dream Of The Blue Turtles

Those of you who read the earlier column may have noticed some rather significant changes from issue five to six. I've gone back and forth so many times whether or not to inform you, my dear reader, as to the two burning questions of the hour. What the hell happened to Emerson and who is this Adrienne Davis person anyway?! In the spirit of the Gadfly-Bi, long may my monitor burn bright, I'll let you in on something that I've been trying to keep a state secret for the last year.

But not quite yet. First the answer to the question, "What happened to Emerson?" Emerson was a useful and helpful camouflage that I created quite a long time ago during a similarly stressful period of my life that I now affectionately call Adolescence I. Em. otherwise known as my evil twin Skippy, became the persona that everyone dealt with because my more natural persona was — how do I put this delicately — much too feminine to fly with my parents and the huge ox-brained, pumped-upbigger-than-steers bullies I went to junior high and high school with. Em,



being slightly more 'masculine,' and intellectually aggressive to boot, got me out of truckloads of physical and psychological trouble that I was in at the time.

If you play a certain rolegame for long enough you become very good at convincing people that you are what you appear to be. In my case I appeared to be male and so I became what I thought was a convincing simulacra of an enlightened, educated, male member of the black middle-class intelligentsia. It worked, obviously, because I survived both high school and my parents' controlling impulses, but there was a heavy price. So heavy I don't know that I would have chosen the same path if I had it to do over again.

Under more or less constant physical and psychological abuse from parents, who were determined to make a 'man' out of me even if they had to beat it into me, I did some amateur psychic surgery akin to partitioning the hard-drive of a computer. I indiscriminately sliced off all the parts of me that my parents rejected the most — the intuitiveness, creativity, feelings, emotions, huge slices of things except for my intellect. I then took those rejected pieces of self and stuck them away in a dark recess of my being, built a long high wall around it all, booby-trapped all the pathways in and out, turned out the lights and locked the doors behind me — with the promise that one day I would leave home and I would return. for those parts of myself I couldn't possess at the time. That is not to identify intuitiveness, creativity or feeling with femaleness or intellect and

rationality with maleness but simply to say that when I was manifesting any of the characteristics of list one I would be punished — surely, swiftly and brutally. When I was being intellectually aggressive I was rewarded. Like most kids I wanted to be loved by my parents and liked by my classmates.

In the intervening years, with my time taken up with school, outsmarting the pumped-up steers, smoking pot, and playing Dungeons and Dragons I forgot about the room and its contents, a bright-eyed, intelligent, highly creative young women in progress who had been abused to the point of rejecting herself as inherently bad. It stayed that way into my mid-twenties.

By then this woman-child



was long forgotten in the active parts of my mind, rejected by my intellect as some childish fantasy that

could not become true because:
A- If I bothered to get a chromosome scan the chances are high the results would come back exwhy i.e. male. B- If I really was a woman inside I would be acting out more — strange dreams of being a beautiful, strong-minded, independent, self-actualizing black woman aside. Then something changed.

For one, I had been doing lots of therapy and some of the ice melted from around this internal prison I had made. I began to feel again and the feelings led me back along a dark and dangerous path with lots of psychic traps to a dark corner of this thing we call SELF. When I finally opened the portcullis and walked inside I found a room with very little light and no warmth. I also found a frightened young woman-child, frozen in time, in some ways still emotionally immature, locked out of over ten years of growth. She was damn near feral at times and

certainly paranoid. Fearful that she would be let out of the prison only to be chased back in at the first signs of rejection or ridicule, this young woman, whom I am in the process of reclaiming as my self, nuked the life I had created as a man.

Now it was my time to hide physically instead of psychically. I couldn't deal with any but a small circle of intimates on more than a superficial level. So very few people in the local bi community had any idea what was going on until now.

It's been almost a year, at the time of this writing, that I finally came out of my self-imposed closet and locked that door behind me. I'm not going back. Going back means death, I can't live through that again. I have no desire to live through that again.

Maybe you can understand that, maybe you can't. Those of you who knew me BEFORE may be scratching your heads saying. You seemed so masculine, I never would have guessed.' I would say that was the whole idea, that people would never have guessed. Looking back sometimes I wished I hadn't done

think I was a coward, not being myself, not rebelling. But I can't

engage in that
thought path for too long. Anyway, it's irrelevant. I did what I
did because I needed to survive
and there's no use in having
regrets about decisions I made at
thirteen operating under the best
information I had at the time.

There may be those of you who are offended by transsexuals and transsexualism. If so, I respect your right to your opinion no matter how much I may personally find it bigoted and abhorrent in the same way I find racism abhorrent while respecting a racist's right to his or her opinion. However, no matter how

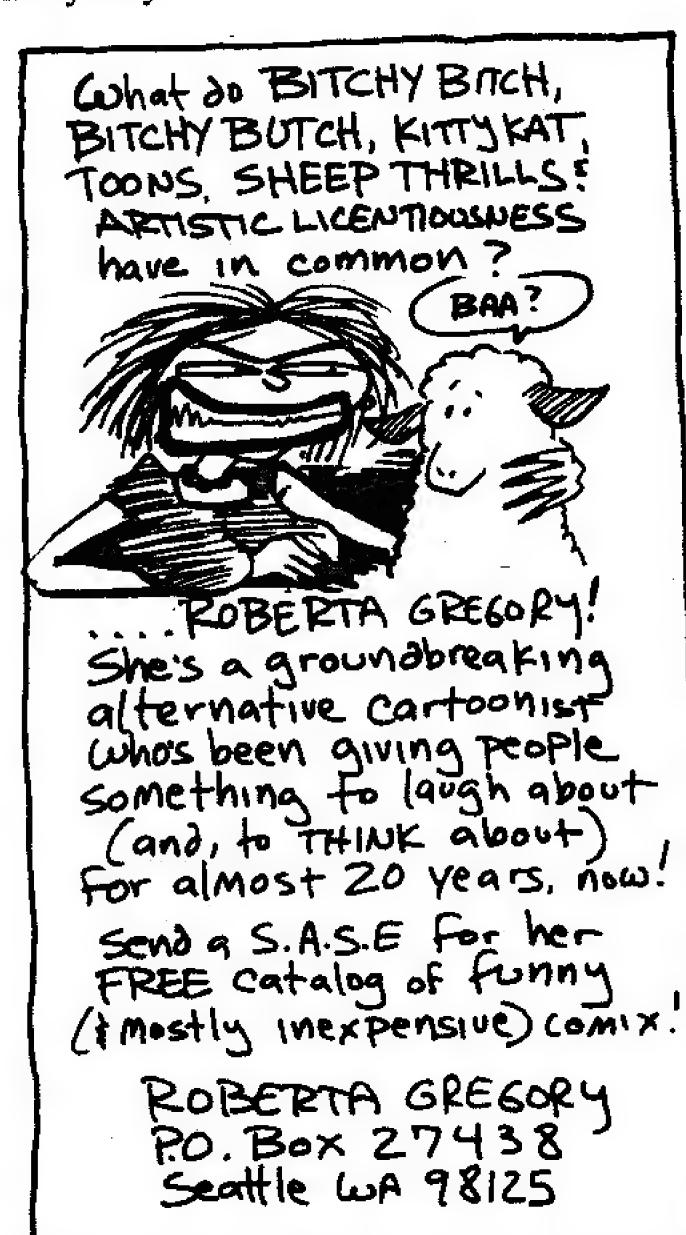
you couch it in PC feminist rhetoric, to say that my biology is my destiny while saying at the same time that any other woman's biology isn't destiny is worse than untrue, it is hypocritical. Biology isn't destiny. Never has been and is becoming increasingly less like to be as the human drama continues. Those are my politics around this.

I don't have any fancy deconstructionist rhetoric about how I am a revolutionary act that will smash... This is my life not some intellectual masturbatory fantasy. My politics are simple and basic, it's my body, it's my life and I have the right to do with it what I damn well please. You don't have to like it, you don't have to like me because you don't have to live in my body.

If you don't like transsexuals don't be one. If you are unwilling to accept us as the men and women that we are, fine, such is your right. But what's the difference between excluding transsexuals because of who we are and excluding all other flavors of queers because of who they are? What's the difference between telling a man or woman, What you're doing is unnatural and immoral,' and telling a genetic woman who is seeking to terminate an unwanted pregnancy that what she is doing is unnatural and immoral?

So there it is. I was born a name I don't know because I was adopted and my name was legally changed at that time. I became Charles when my parents adopted me. I became Emerson when I moved from Sacramento to San Francisco. Now both those personas have been relegated to the support functions that they were designed to be, allowing me, Adrienne to live, grow and be the woman that I used to dream of being late in the night, lying in a dark room, wishing and waiting and hoping that the part in the fairy tales where the princess' dreams come true wasn't just another lie.





Feminine

By Chocolate Waters

The word has become hateful. It reminds you of little girl voices, clutch purses, ankle bracelets, clean underwear in case you get hit by a truck.

Feminine.

The word has lost its woman, its essence, its puissance, its delicious smell. It reminds you of deodorant sprays, of "female troubles," of not-enough iron in the diet.

Feminine.

The word has become déclassé. They scorn it in classrooms, in locker rooms, in gay men. They scorn it in political matters and in women's bars.

Feminine.

The word has lost its noblesse, its butch, butch butchiness.
Feminine.
The word has lost its balls.

Chocolate Waters has published three collections of short stories, poems and vignettes, and has performed her work throughout the U.S. and parts of Canada. She is the recipient of several prizes and writing awards, as well as a 1990 grant from the Money For Women/Barbara Deming Memorial Fund Inc. She resides in Manhattan. Her books may be obtained by writing to 415 W. 44th Street #7, New York, NY 10036.

Things I Never Say

By Kassandrá S. Larsen

it's not as if i don't listen
when you're speaking
i'm just concentrating
on the way the sunlight
dances on your hair
when we're so engrossed in conversation
that you don't notice how i stare

and it's not as if
i don't look at you when we're talking
i'm trying to deal with
the beauty of your smile
as i fight the urge to kiss you

and i'm struggling to keep my hands and heart to myself but that can wait for another day

maybe i love you or something about you but those are things i never say

Kassandra S. Larsen is a 22 year-old poet from Winchester, Massachusetts who plans to major in English.

Pier 42

By Saint-Pierre

The decks are tarmac on this grounded ship stuck halfway into the river. Their foundation is the water flowing under, around.

Bright sun brings the boys, like desert flowers they bloom for short hours; have no life beyond this day. It is all color and plumage, a wild call seeking answer—stuck somewhere between the city and the sea.

R. Saint-Pierre is a teacher of ESL (English-Second Language) in a New York City high school in the South Bronx.

Merview

The following is an interview with Robyn Ochs and Finnish bisexual activists, Leena Ruskanen and Teemu Leisti.

RO: You are the founders of the Helsinki Bisexual Group. Can you tell me a bit about yourselves?

LR: I'm a 42-year-old woman. I'm an employee of the city of Helsinki; I work as a nurse at a home for the mentally retarded. I live alone. My hobbies are meeting people, talking on the phone, and culture in all its forms. I came out to myself as a bisexual a couple of years ago. I like whiskey.

TL: I'm a 25-year-old man. I study computer science at the University of Helsinki. I live alone. I came out to myself as a bisexual in 1989. I lived in San Francisco for 2.3 years in 1979-1981. Science fiction is my hobby. I like whiskey.

RO: What led to the creation of the Helsinki Bisexual Group? Whose idea was it?

LR & TL: In the previous summer (1991), there had been a weekend meeting of bisexual people in Tampere, another city. Among other things, this event showed that there was a strong social need for a bisexual group. For example, when the idea of a bi group was floated in SETA magazine, SETA got a number of calls inquiring about it.

LR: I called the Helsinki of SETA (Finland's main sexual minorities' organization) in the spring of 1992 and asked whether a bi group existed. The second time I called, Ari Saukkonen, an activist at SETA, asked me to become the moderator of a bi group, since

no one else interested in the group was willing to become one. I agreed, on the condition that someone else would become a second moderator.

TL: After this, Ari called me and asked me whether I was willing to become this other moderator. (I had inquired myself about a possible bi group.) After thinking it over for a minute, I agreed. Ari gave me Leena's phone number. We agreed on a meeting, and after a couple of planning sessions, held the first meeting of the group, at the office of the Helsinki area and national SETA.

RO: When you were thinking about starting a local group, were you aware of the exist-

Finnish queers are more afraid of discrimination than they really have cause for.

ence of other bisexual groups elsewhere in the world?

LR: No.

TL: Yes, because I had followed different newsgroups on USENET, including soc.bi.

RO: What is the group like at this time?

LR & TL: The group met five times in the spring and has met two times in the fall so far. In addition, there were two meetings in the summer, the first one at a summer camp organized by SETA, and the second one in connection with the Gay Liberation Week in Helsinki in August. The group of attendees has varied. In the spring we had about ten people each meeting, and in the fall we've had about fifteen. We've had no themes for the meet-

ings, except once, but we are planning to have more. With regards to the growth of the group, it's a good thing that the Helsinki office of SETA has recently moved to a larger location. The group is still in its beginning stage, and no large "core group" of people has formed yet. We've had some interesting discussions. We have produced a small leaflet (the first in Finnish) about the subject, based on BiPOL's [sic].

RO: Why do you think the group was founded in 1992? (Why not 1982 or 1972?)

LR: In 1972, homosexuality was still a taboo. SETA was just being founded. In Finland, nothing was known about bisexuality. Homosexuality had only been decriminalized the preceding year. In 1972, the atmosphere was so negative that I wanted to deny the lesbian side in myself.

TL: A while ago, I spoke with a man who had tried to start a bi group in SETA about ten years ago, but it had not panned out. There wasn't enough interest in those days.

LR: There has been more discussion of homosexuality since the late 1980s, and this has created more space for bisexuality, too.

TL: Perhaps international influences, for example the bi movements of the States and Britain, have also somehow affected the atmosphere. (Or perhaps all these movements are the result of something deeper, a new Zeitgeist [spirit of the times], in the western world.)

LR: Also, for instance, television. These days, even in Finland there is a television (comedy) series with an openly gay man. He is presented a bit stereotypically (he's quite

continued next page

feminine), but sympathetically, and the other characters in the series have an easygoing and accepting attitude towards his gayness. This helps lessen fears.

RO: What has been the reaction of the Finnish lesbian and gay community? Have people been supportive? Are Finnish lesbians and gay men in general supportive of bisexuals?

LR: Those few gay men and lesbians that I know have a positive attitude.

TL: I have the same experience. For instance, SETA has been unconditionally supportive towards our group from the

beginning. SETA is officially an interest group of all the sexual minorities (gay men, lesbians, bisexuals. transvestites. transsexuals. what have you (and of course it's debatable whether bisexuals are a minority or not). I have heard that in

some personal contacts, some gay men and lesbians have had a somewhat derogatory attitude towards bisexuals, but I've run into this kind of thing only once.

RO: What kinds of attitudes do heterosexual people in Finland have about bisexuality?

LR: To some people, for example my parents, I cannot talk about the subject at all. To some others, I have to tell white lies, which is stressful. To some people, I can talk about the subject, but if I want to discuss it in any more depth, they turn the conversa-

tion to other matters. With only a few people can I discuss bisexuality openly.

TL: Perhaps things are better among younger people, because when I've told my friends about my bisexuality. I have encountered almost no negative attitudes. On the other hand, I'm not too inyour-face about my sexuality, so this hasn't been tested with a larger sample. But I have gotten the impression that these days, Finnish queers are more afraid of discrimination than they really have cause for.

LR: On the other hand, in some fields, like children's education, the fear might be



Teemu Leisti and Leena Ruskanen

justified. The same in business, probably.

TL: True, one does still hear horror stories. And for men, homosexuality is still a valid excuse for not having to do one's army service (which is OK by me, since I have no love for the military).

RO: What is Finland like for lesbians, gay men and bisexual people from a legal and public policy perspective?

TL: Homosexuality was decriminalized in 1971, and removed from the classification of diseases in 1981. Ages of consent are still higher for

homosexual than for heterosexual relationships, and the so-called "no incitement clause" of criminal law makes the "incitement to homosexual behavior or acts" punishable, even though the act itself is not illegal! This ridiculous clause has only been used once, however, and that one time was in a case where the accused, four SETA activists. had gotten the case started purposefully to draw attention to the clause. (The accused were found guilty, but no punishment was given.) The clause has probably had a suppressing influence on the dissemination of correct infor-

mation on homosexuality, however. It is to be repealed in the ongoing modernization of criminal law, later this decade, along with the higher ages of consent.

It is
possible that
in the same
modernization, discrimi-

nation based on sexual orientation (along with sex, age, race, religion, etc.) will be criminalized. The registration of same-sex partnerships, along the lines of the Danish model, also seems a distinct possibility in the future. So there is progress.

RO: Are there any other bisexual groups in Finland?

TL & LR: In Turku, another city, a bi group started in the spring, but apparently it fell flat quite soon. They're

30

continued on page 51

Reflections

By Terry Kernan

The Grandfather's clock stands aloof.
Eerily silent.
Frozen in stillness.
A memory from my youth; but as both it and I get older,
I see it differently.

Inside, the gears, distinguished only by their size and metal, grind together quietly as they go about their business of driving power to the top. Hardly noticed by outside observation, until something goes drastically wrong.

And the hands.
One cannot help but notice
how different they are,
Compared to the cogs that make up
the vast middle.
Standing alone. On the outside.
Where people can glance
and ignore them. Or look at them quietly
and nod that they are right.
Sometimes, they just get pushed around
until they seem to be
back in line.

The pendulum. Hangs below.
Seemingly far from the hands,
but knowing it can work with the cogs
and still help drive the hands
forward.
Bright. Brassy.
I see myself
in the reflection of the pendulum.
Or, is the pendulum
a reflection of me?

I give the weight a push.
Back and forth it swings.
Effortlessly. Back and forth.
"It's time," I think.
"It's time to get things moving."

Terry Kernan is a printer and writer who starves in Atlanta, GA. He has had articles and crossword puzzles published in both national and local publications.

Activist in the tub

by Naomi Tucker

The first ring jerked her out of her semiconscious state like a swift kick in the ass.

She leaped up almost before she could think, and the second ring caught her fumbling to shake off her limbs in a hurry so she wouldn't leave a stream of almond oil soap bubbles between the tub and the telephone. By the third ring she was headed out the bathroom door, trying to achieve maximum speed with minimum slippage. And — around the corner — snag, just as the fourth ring was vibrating her senses out of kilter, she beat the battle to the answering machine.

Proud of her triumph over technology, she had nose-dived into the phone and lay panting on the bed with the receiver jammed between her ear and shoulder.

"My chiropractor would kill me for this," she thought, as a breathless "Hello" spilled out of her mouth.

There was no one of particular importance on the other end, so she did the polite two minute convo and then returned to reclaim her space in the water. Head swimming from getting up too quickly and body sending steam off into the room, she decided to just drag the phone into the bathroom next time. That way, she figured, she'd be 100% available, 100% of the time.

Never miss a beat.

Naomi Tucker is a conference junkie, control queen, and loud, pushy, Jewish, bi-queer feminist activist who, believe it or not, loathes labels. She is currently editing an anthology on bisexual politics.

Passion

By Saint-Pierre

When the fire has died; spoon dusted ashes into mouths, spread the shared taste with thick tongues, feel the dried heat of quick burning.

See bio page 28

Ask Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill

What Your Mother Never Told You...

Dear Auntie Margo:

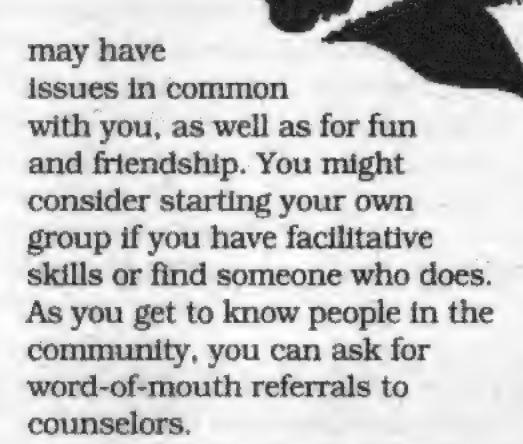
I am a 35-year-old bisexual woman. I'm a temp worker which means I am usually unemployed. My problem is that I want/need a therapist and don't have the financial resources to pay much, if at all. Are there services for someone like me and who can I contact for help? I would like someone who is sensitive to my issues as a bisexual. Are there any resources available on a city, state or county level before my mental health gets any worse?

Jane Doe

Dear Jane:

What your mother never told you is that most of us, at some time, need support or counseling. There are a number of avenues you can pursue to find low-cost counseling, if you don't have insurance.

One way is to locate a bi organization in your area. Since I don't know where you live, I suggest you get a copy of the International Directory of Bisexual Groups (see info in back of ATM). Many local organizations have support groups or "rap" groups that are free or lowest and are a good way to connect with other people who



If you live in the Bay Area, you can call the San Francisco Sex Information switchboard (415/621-7300) for local resources and sometimes referrals in other parts of the country.

Counseling and therapy are not inexpensive. However, some therapists do have sliding scales and some may set aside a certain number of sessions for low fee clients.

Another resource for referrals is The American Board of Sexology (202/462-2122). Therapists and counselors certified by the ABS have advanced training in sexology and should be knowledgeable to sensitive to bisexual issues.

If you live near a college or university, you could find out if they have an intern program. Most graduate programs in psychology, counseling or social work have intern programs where supervised advanced students see clients through the school or community mental health centers, for lower fees.

A few words of caution: while many hetero, gay or lesbian therapists are supportive of bisexuals, some are
biased against bisexuality as a lifestyle. You as the
consumer have the choice to
interview a potential therapist
over the phone before making an
appointment, or have one
session before making a commitment to ongoing counseling.

Your search may take a while but hopefully it will be rewarding.

Uncle Bill is on vacation at Fairy Camp, learning piercing techniques which he may share with you next time.

What your mother probably never told you was that Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, etc. Send them c/o BABN, 2404 California #24, SF, CA 94115. We will only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out...

—Auntie Margo (aka Margo Rila, Ed. D.), is a sexologist, educator, and counselor. She is the Training Coordinator for San Francisco Sex Information; on the faculty of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality; founding member of the Bi Center in San Francisco, and of BiTE (Coalition of Bisexual Therapists & Educators)—

—Uncle Bill (aka Bill Brent, is editor and publisher of The Black Book, a resource guide for the sexual explorer. The current edition is available be sending \$11.95 (plus CA sales tax in CA) to: The Black Book, POB 31155, Dept. ATM, SF, CA 94131. Bill has worked as a switchboard volunteer and supervisor with San Francisco Sex Information—



Bisexual Art

by Teresa Pearcey

Is there such a thing as bisexual art? If so, what sets it apart from other art? In attempting to answer these and other questions, I interviewed two Bay Area artists who are bisexual.

Having no preconceptions about what would come of my inquiries, I knew only that I wanted to write a journalistic report surveying bisexual art. But unfortunately, interviewing two individuals hardly constitutes objective reporting. A true scientific sample, after all, consists of at least 30 subjects! What began as a journalistic endeavor developed into a fascinating journey into the work of two unique individuals. Any conclusions I might draw from my conversations with them can only be conjecture. Rather than representing bisexual artists, I learned, they represent their own experiences, creativity, and beliefs.

While their interviews may not enable me to make any generalizations about bisexual art or bisexual artists, I think a common theme runs through their stories. And it is one to which I, as a bisexual, can definitely relate. Maybe you will too.

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Lupe Ruth is a 25-year-old native to San Jose and currently residing in San Francisco. She used to work as a stripper and now she pays the rent as a prostitute. To put it in her words she has "always known [she is] bisexual" or "a faggot in a dyke's body." Her definition of a "faggot" is "play that involves at least one penis if not two, rough trade or rape elements, power, service and

submission, and leather."
Many of her fantasies involve
"an unattainable gay man who
might very well be a lesbian
with a cock."

Lupe Ruth is an engaging woman. I enjoyed chatting with her because she is deeply intelligent and a very spontaneous thinker. Typical of artists who live their art, Lupe isn't convinced she is an artist. And she does live her art. Her brain is artistic. Her studio apartment in San Francisco contains only one chair—but don't try to take a seat in it, because it's mounted on the wall in the corner. Art.

"My art is all about my sex and constantly unfolding as such: poetry, fiction, erotica, essays..." She talked at length about her days as a stripper. Dancing in the nude is an art. As a dancer, Lupe Ruth explored various personae and experienced herself as a performer. She experimented with being "bitchy," "sweet," "seductive" or "compassionate." Being a stripper was, for her, like being in the theater. It was an acceptable arena for the expression of many exaggerated personality traits. Sometimes it was a matter of anticipating the expectations of a given audience, whether a group of drinking buddies or a lone male. Other times the performance crossed into the arena of self-protection as she learned to read a hostile or troublesome customer so she could determine the best way to keep the power dynamics in her favor.

"I was fired for being too opinionated, talking to other women, spreading dissent," she answers as to why she stopped being a stripper. But adds, "I went into sex work hating my body, feeling unattractive, but decided I had to do it. I was great at it! A top

paid dancer! I got self-esteem, assertiveness, clarity on gender and sex roles. [I] met incredible, opinionated, intelligent, active women.... Sexuality became big, regal, compassionate—magnanimous."

After stripping, Lupe Ruth went into prostitution. Sex work as a political cause is important to her. In fact, most of her writing is non-fiction and essays on this subject. She also writes poetry and a little fiction. Lupe isn't sure whether writing is a hobby or her life's work, but it certainly plays an integral role.

No Longer a Virgin
I Now can Wear Blue.
Ankle-length White
Wore too Weighty
On my Curious Limbs.
— Lupe Ruth, °1987

Her latest artistic endeavor, graphics work, was inspired by a dream. After this particular dream she bought an Exactoknife, a French curve, construction paper, a glue stick and mock-up board. With these supplies in hand she faithfully reproduced the image in her dream, a Chinese pagoda broken into pieces and seated on the haunches of a lion. It is as attractive as it is mystical.

Negative space is what she calls her other compulsion, "drawing attention to the space behind an object." Cut and paste is a simple but effective expression of negative space, she told me.

Just when I thought the interview was concluded, Lupe Ruth brought a few surprises out of the closet almost as an afterthought. Their names were Street Trash, Steve, and Miss Arugula Divoom. Turns out one of these characters was

continued next page



sighted in Washington, D.C. at the Lincoln Memorial on April 25th this year cavorting with the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. Rumor has it, Miss Arugula Divoom was completely bare-breasted. I wonder if Cybil Shepard could be found for comment. Congressman Barney Frank? Anyone?

Oh, let me make the introductions. Miss Arugula Divoom is a drag queen who wears white makeup with Joan Crawford eyebrows, false eyelashes, a beauty mark, high 50s drag. She always, always wears gloves and a hat. She is an "utter, raging, drag queen cunt," says awful things to people, and is very sexy. "She goes all the way."

Steve is a greasy leather bear into fucking a lot. He wears full factal hair, a leather hat, his best blue jeans, boots, and a dirty white t-shirt.

Street Trash is a back alley, rough trade street avenger—destroyer of petty aggressors. She always wears high heels, fishnet stockings, faded blue jean shorts, big hair, big lips and handcuffs.

Lupe Ruth doesn't perform these personae; they simply appear when they are needed or wanted. Lupe Ruth said to me in conclusion, "I obsess over [Miss Arugula Divoom, Steve and Street Trash] and work on them as if they are a work of art." So modest.

20 20 20

When I visited Ann
Rosencranz, I was immediately
struck by her presence in her
body. I never realized how outof-body so many people live
until I met her and could make
the distinction. It is as if she
lives in every inch of her body
and has complete command of
it. I can only assume that her
years of spiritual work and

study are the reasons for this groundedness.

Her house, which she shares with several other women, seemed like one big altar to me. Various plants and herbs hung from the walls of all the rooms and as we settled into her room I was struck with three major visuals: a bed sitting directly on the floor so full of pillows it could pass for an easy chair (but it was more like a place of rest you would expect to find in some sultan's tent), her altar, and a large but friendly dragon painted on the full length of the right wall by none other than Ann herself.

The dragon on the wall is an example of her infrequent forays into painting. She told me she occasionally sculpts little monsters, too. "Just something I do," she laughed. Of course she has performed a little dance and theater, too. Just a little.

Ann Rosencranz is a counselor and teacher specializing in somatic methods including prayer, ritual, dream image and sound. A member of the Native American Church, she has a graduate degree in Chinese Philosophy and a minor in Shamanism with an emphasis on death and dying. Ann is especially interested in working with persons with AIDS. Being multilingual, she is able to offer her services to many different people.

At 35 years of age, Ann has been out of prostitution for 13 years and her primary art is a book based upon her four years as a prostitute called Turkey with Frank and Other Tales. The stories are autobiographical and written in the present tense. She reads from Turkey with Frank and Other Tales, whether on stage or in front of a television camera, with a playful and convincing projection. Her words paint

complete pictures with all the visual details and in such poetic form that not a single feeling is lost. You, the audience, share the moment with Ann as if it were your own.

In a recent television interview, Ann was asked how she felt about prostitution. She replied, "Paying for sex is no worse than paying for food." She would like to see both provided for free but since that isn't the world we live in...

Breaking the stereotypes people have about prostitution and domestic violence is what Ann strives to do with her art. She accomplishes these goals by sharing her personal experiences in these areas. As a woman who has been out of prostitution for many years, she defies the stereotype by being unrepentant of her past and in fact maintains a balanced stance on the subject by illuminating the positives and the negatives she encountered as a prostitute. "Prostitution is not unethical or abusive but in the context of society it can be," she insists. For her, prostitution was an exploration of herself.

Poetry and plays comprise the rest of Ann's writing. She also sings her own songs, of course. She recently sang a song for a performance by Rachel Kaplan, another bisexual artist in the Bay Area.

Ann confesses to being bisexual aithough she really doesn't like "identity politics" or being "put in a box." She values intimacy with both women and men, although she has had many more relationships with men.

"The world doesn't have places for integrated people," Ann complains. She feels integrated since she isn't separate from her art. She hopes to teach classes where her role as performer and

teacher are so fused that her students will not make a distinction. Native Americans do not have a word for art, because to them, life is art. Ann is the perfect embodiment of this concept. She lives, breathes, moves, speaks and is her art. It is only fitting that her primary artistic expression takes the form of autobiography.

20 20 20

If you concluded that what these women have in common as bisexual artists is prostitution, you're right. But that isn't what I had in mind. Since Ann Rosencranz was referred to me by someone not at all connected to the sex industry, I was in fact shocked to find out that not only is she an exprostitute, but that her art is directly derived from her years as a prostitute. Perhaps there is a link between sex work and art; perhaps the performance aspect of sex work can lead one to a life of art. Similarly, sex work might lead one to

political awareness and activism. Certainly, both Ann and Lupe are politically active artists.

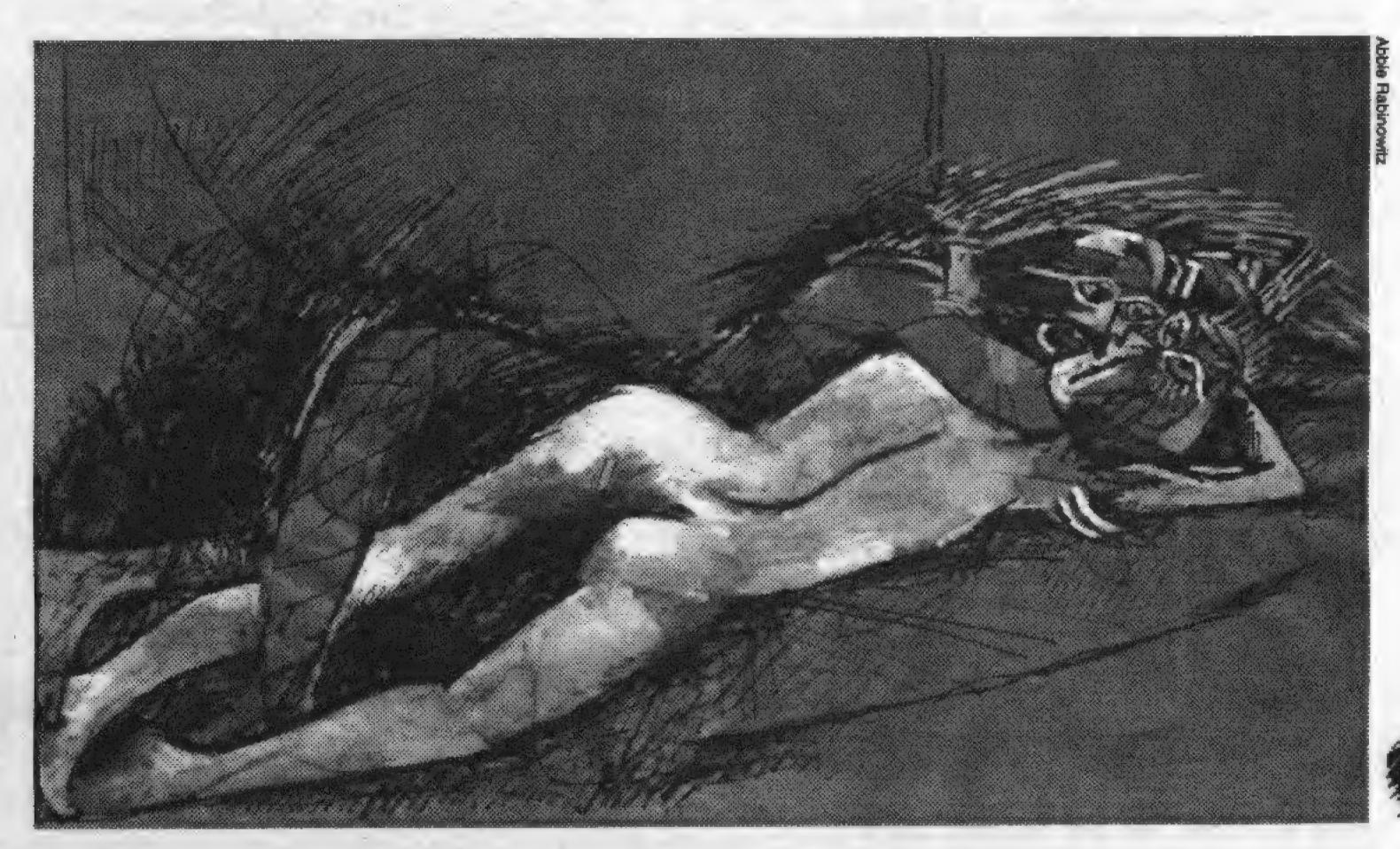
Beyond the background of sexual politics, several key characteristics emerged as common themes in the work of Lupe Ruth and Ann Rosencranz. First, to a greater or lesser degree, they both live their art as well as perform it. Secondly, they both use several art forms rather than expressing themselves solely in one medium. Finally, their art impressed me as difficult to contain or classify. So rather than attempting to fit these artists into particular categories, it seemed more fun just to experience each artist's work without analyzing it.

Do these themes relate to being bisexual? I do feel some kind of kindred association with being unable or unwilling to be limited to one of anything. I have wondered if the fact that it comes naturally to me to understand situations and people which could be best

described as "all of the above" had anything to do with my bisexuality.

Lupe and Ann, as artists, remind me of how I stubbornly refuse to let anyone convince me that I must choose: women or men; my writing or public speaking or counseling or political activism; my blue jeans and leather jacket or conservative pantsuit. As a bisexual, I like to keep people guessing!

Also, I relate to the fluid and uncontainable aspect of living, as well as performing, art. Either/or dichotomies just don't have a place in my life. "Both" is my favorite word. Maybe the bisexual brain strikes again. We are complex and multifaceted. More than non-bisexuals? Who really cares?! I know that in a world which attempts to simplify reality into easily classified and digested units, people like Lupe Ruth and Ann Rosencranz offer the complexity and depth for which my soul hungers.



Women Aren't All That Different

by Wendy Counsil

Women aren't all that different than men, I thought, as we sat in your pickup, me close to you on the bench seat, then closer still. I don't remember me reaching up to your neck but I do remember like my middle name the softness of the skin under your ear where the pads of my fingertips lay. And your lips, they were just lips but so small they scared me. My tongue brushed their inner flesh and you were so smooth there that I was gliding fast before I knew it. Your tongue was smaller, too, as it pressed back into mine, and not tentative, but somehow less angry than the tongues of men.

But women aren't all that different, I thought, or at least my cunt thought so, because your kisses made me ooze out hot slickness just the same. And I wasn't all that different than the men I had known, not when I pushed you down on the hard seat... though we both had round breasts that slipped and slid against one another's through our shirts. And then you parted your thighs just when I wanted to spread mine, and that was different, as was the way I answered by slipping my fist between us, knuckles and doubled seams of our jeans giving us something hard to rub against. And the way my hand grew steamy from our juices, not all at once but slow and steady. I guess that wasn't quite the same.

Whan you made a tiny noise up in the treble clef, I could echo you. As I tugged down your jeans, I thought that women aren't that different at all, that you are very much like me.

Wendy Counsil has had poetry and fiction published in The Amherst Review, Hawaii Review, and The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, as well as Down There Press' recent vibrator chapbook.

no catdoor

by Indigo Som

sometimes in this dangerous neighborhood/ I open a small window but early this morning the cat snuck in bringin my heart like a caught rat between her teeth

See blo page 7

Blind Date

by Chocolate Waters

I sit down at the bar and light up an English Oval. When you cough and spit at the smoke, I suspect I'm not going to get laid. "Three packs a day," I flb. "I also drink 26 cups of coffeee before work and eat white sugar straight from the box." I want to go home right then, but I haven't been laid in two years and you are looking awfully cute sipping on that Diet 7-Up in your jogging shorts and Nike sneakers so I order a Stoly martini straight up and admit I lied about the sugar. You laugh and point out a couple eating dinner. He is wearing a bad toupeé and a Walkman. She is reading Cosmo. We joke about the things people do to push each other away as you eye the door. "I haven't been laid in five years," I whine, blowing a smoke ring when you tug at your muscle T-shirt complaining you need sleep. It is 7 p.m. "I haven't been laid in 15 years," I wail to your disappearing Nike sneakers. "Nice girl," gushes the bartender, "but I couldn't make any time with her."

See bio page 28

"Me neither," I say.

I exhale smoke out my nose dramatically

and gulp down a couple of packets of white sugar.

on commission

by Indigo Som

she waits
killing time
using a motel window
for a mirror
just outside the
MacArthur parking lot
in the middle of the day
a fortyish looking white woman
in tall boots and slit miniskirt

under calamine color her face is the texture of a brown paper bag softened by many lunches.

I pass by and we exchange smiles.
I can see from the way her hand sits on her hip her back must be killing her.

See bio page 7



Between Little Rock and a Hard Place: The new gay/lesbian/bisexual struggle for national political power

Tommi Avicolli Mecca Portland, OR, Williams Publishing, 1993. (146 pages).

If you want an easy-to-read synopsis of the intersection of queer and presidential politics, Between Little Rock and a Hard Place is a good choice. The book briefly outlines struggles for queer civil rights from the Reagan/Bush era through Clinton's recent courting of "the gay vote." Then it chronicles Clinton's record on queer issues — from his complacency around Arkansas sodomy laws and support of mandatory AIDS testing to his major turnaround in a historical move towards "lesbian/gay" visibility in politics. It shows the role the power of queer dollars and political pressure played, pitted against the mushrooming right wing campaigns and legislated bigotry, in Clinton's rise to the presidency.

The author defines the key issues in a format and language that are accessible even to the politically ignorant, like me. Concise statements, short, catchy sentences, and bits of casual humor mark the text. However, don't expect poetic miracles; this book is meant to be factual, not pretty.

Most of the book is journalistic, presenting a somewhat unbiased but rather bland picture. Especially towards the final chapters, though, Mecca does reveal bits of his own opinion and social theory. For instance, he questions placing military access at the top of our civil rights agenda and criticizes the NGLTF Transition

Document for failing to mention poverty, homelessness, or racism. He also raises concerns about the political marriage that has now taken place between our community and the Democratic party: "We courted and were courted by Bill Clinton. We walked down the aisle with him. We looked him in the eyes and, repeating after the Minister of Assimilation, vowed. We take this man to be our lawfully wedded spouse, to have and to hold. from this day forward, till the end of his term and beyond."

Admittedly, the book caught my eye not because of an interest in gay electoral politics, but because I was astounded to see the word "bisexual" on the cover — a rare occurrence in the queer publishing world. I was disappointed when the subtitle "the new gay/lesbian/bisexual struggle for national political power," turned out to be somewhat misleading since the content itself lacks significant detectable bisexual perspective.

The book is completely devoid of any analysis, agenda, or activism generated by or for bisexual and transgendered people. The words "bisexual" and "transgender" are used occasionally but inconsistently as mere tag words behind the usual "lesbian/gay" adjective. It doesn't even refer once to our national bisexual movement, let alone a description of

what our "struggle for national political power" might look like.

One cheer goes to the author for remembering to put the "b" word in the title, which does give great visibility to bisexuals for a change. Another cheer goes for his efforts in the beginning chapters to actually say, "lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered" in one breath. Maybe even a third cheer could be raised for his note written to the readers. explaining his use of queer "interchangeably with gay/ lesbian/bisexual/ transgendered" as an "in-yourface... non-apologetic... reclaiming" adjective which "encompasses all of us in the sexual minority community." But he loses points on the follow-through. While bisexual and transgender are included at the beginning and end of the book, their absence is notable throughout the bulk of the manuscript. In fact he often uses the whole laundry list of labels but leaves out bisexual or transgendered or both, perhaps depending on his mood or caffeine level at the time of writing.

The overarching problem, however, is not the semantic inconsistency, but rather the lack of awareness that it reflects. Does Mecca believe that the bisexual and transgender agendas go no further than to add our names to the end of the lesbian/gay title? Is this the extent of our politics and our liberation?

There is a commonly mistaken impression amongst lesbians and gays that bisexuals and transgendered people will be quiet and content when we finally get our name added to the laundry list with some semblance of consistency. After all, everyone knows that we just want to ride on the coattails of lesbian/gay liberation,

letting "real" dykes and fags do all the work while we enjoy the incumbent freedoms. Right?

The fact that Mecca reverts to the use of plain ole' "lesbian/gay" in most of his writing after chapter one, reveals a lot about his awareness level. His book describes primarily the lesbian/gay political mainstream, with a few mentions of ACT-UP and other radicals. It does not once mention bisexual or transgendered people as groups in and of themselves. It does not discuss political alliances among those communities or locate their connections to the larger lesbian/gay communities.

What is the one subject matter that does move gays and lesbians to remember bisexuals? AIDS, of course. Predictably, the first mention of bisexual people as more than the caboose on the lesbian/gay train appears nearly half-way through the book. when Mecca is citing AIDS statistics. "At the start of the primary, 137,000 Americans had died of AIDS, a good portion of them gay or bisexual." In the same paragraph, he then conveniently forgets he ever mentioned us: "Gay men don't expect the system to work for them. Gay men don't expect that politicians really care about their health... Gay men don't expect support from churches, the medical establishment, the laws..." So, in other words, bisexual men can die of AIDS but only gay men have political opinions about it... and bisexual women don't exist at all, apparently.

The second mention of bisexuality occurs in a discussion of queer voting power. Mecca aptly points out that the queer vote has the potential to account for more than ten

percent of the population: "If you throw in bisexuals and the transgendered... you add on another 20 or more percent."

The last discussion of bisexuals is in the chapter on "gays and the military." Thumbs down to Mecca for failing to mention that the Department of Defense includes bisexuals in their discrimination policy. Thumbs up for remembering to state that lifting the ban "would mean that lesbians, gays, and bisexuals [emphasis mine] would be able to serve in the military without hiding their sexual orientation." But a big "whoops" for mentioning only military folks who are "gay or lesbian" on the very same page. Sounds like he can't make up his mind... about where bisexuals stand, at least. (And monosexuals accuse us of straddling a fence?)

Occasionally, the fact that Mecca has not done his bisexual homework becomes apparent in the form of misinformation. He refers, for instance, to the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force as a "mainstream gay/lesbian/ bisexual organization." Some leaders at NGLTF would probably shriek in horror to see themselves referred to as a bisexual organization, when they have done everything in their power to ignore us. Doesn't this prove that Mecca's random inclusion of the word "bisexual" in his book carries little thought or understanding of the issues? Finally, he fails to explain why in fact he does attach the words "bisexual" and "transgender" in certain places to the name of our community/movement.

It would appear, then, that Tommi Avicolli Mecca is being the good boy and learning by rote the PC progressive agenda: scoring political points through token inclusion in nomenclature. Nomenclature is important; it carries the long-term power to actually change our thoughts and perceptions. Unfortunately, unless accompanied by even a weak attempt at examining the issues of importance to bisexuals and transgendered people, what's in a name is simply another label.

Since Mecca writes for the San Francisco Bay Times, (which is now officially the newspaper of the "lesbian/gay/bisexual" community in the Bay Area), he should be able to include a perspective in his book that is relevant to bisexuals. If unfamiliar with the issues himself, he surely has the resources and wherewithal to ask someone who is.

I'm glad to see the word "bisexual" on the cover, so matter-of-factly pointing out that we are indeed here and a part of the queer community, movement, and agenda. I'm glad to see that bisexuals are beginning to matter enough to deserve mention. However, lipservice just isn't enough any more. It's a false representation of bisexual people and politics — in other words, a lie — to purport that a book is about us when in fact, our visions and actions are invisible in chapter after chapter. Try again, Tommi.

By the way, has anyone told Mr. Mecca that fuschia (the color of *Little Rock's* cover) is the official bisexual color?

-Reviewed by Naomi Tucker-

Claire of the Moon

Directed by Nicole Conn

Claire of the Moon is a new film, the first full-length lesbian feature to come along in many years. It is the story of two women falling in love with each other at a writer's retreat, but you won't see it at this year's San Francisco Lesbian/ Gay Film Festival. It was withdrawn by the director under a barrage of negative criticism usually reserved for sexual minorities who are portrayed as ax-murderers. Yet there is no violence in this film. Its condemnation by our team of sophisticated critics has been disturbing to me, and illuminating.

I saw Claire of the Moon twice and found it engrossing for a number of reasons. I liked seeing women writers, lesbian and straight, interact with each other. There's some spicy dialogue, including a catty comment about dildos which elicits the retort: "It's not about men; it's about penetration." Later on, the butch facilitator of the retreat has two pairs of women demonstrate the lesbian hug as contrasted to the straight woman hug --- the "Aframe." I loved seeing a butch woman as the retreat leader. The two roommates. Claire and Noel, have both published and read each others' books. They hate each other as roommates but their desire, through much push-pull, eventually grows. I enjoyed seeing the gradual decentering of Claire's desire to pick up men into the fantasies of loving Noel.

I feel the need to express my enjoyment of this film because it has become very hip and cool to hate Claire of the Moon. In the Bay Area, the audiences I saw both times

had negative responses, but at the same time were very involved with the film. What are the complaints? They drink and smoke too much (true). and the dialogue is supposedly stilted. This is Nicole Conn's first film. Perhaps if she is ever so foolhardy again to make a lesbian film, she will have learned more about what to do with her actors' hands during various moments and what they should say. I thought the dialogue was fascinating. Issues are brought up between women and writers that I have never seen tackled before on film. When you are producing a new genre from scratch, there is an innocence which is later replaced by greater sophistication if one is given the opportunity. I went to see Claire twice because it is culturally affirming for me, as virtually no films are. I was not embarrassed by it, nor did I find it "stilted." It has slow parts, where not enough is happening, but even so, it was worth seeing again because I crave cultural reflection. But I think some of the audience was intensely embarrassed by this cultural reflection.

Why? Why has this film been so hated? I got a clue when I read a letter in a local women's newspaper that complained about the intensity of the teasing that goes on in the film:

In the most teasing scene, the women play a game of chess; the loser has to reveal her most intimate fantasy. Up to this point we have had no less than three intense heterosexual love-making scenes and nary a hint of lesbian erotica... Actually the "lesbian erotica" is there, in the sexual tension which has been built up. So at this point, we expect that Claire will lose the game and finally reveal to Noel that she is fantasizing about her. But she doesn't. She tells Noel—or rather we see—a crotch shot of a faceless man whom she is walking toward in her tight little dress. The letter writer cannot stand the tease.

Claire is a big tease, a way big tease in many ways. First of all, the advertisements drawing attention to the arrival of this movie raised unrealistic expectations, even though it was billed as "one woman's story." Somehow the message got across that this was the film lesbians everywhere have been waiting for all these years. Because we are inundated by heterosexuality, the realistically slow de-centering of Claire's attention was intolerable to some. Women were turned on by Claire's sensual style but then they got mad because they didn't want to be turned on by this slut who picks up men in bars. It is Claire who finally succeeds in seducing Noel, but the tease doesn't end just because the film does. We want to know more. We are hungry for indepth stories of lesbians. Is Claire really in love with Noel? Will she really be opened up to women in the future? Lesbian viewers feel unbearably teased. perhaps not just by this movie, but by life itself that provides us with few outlets for being who we really are.

The criticism of this film is so virulent it reminds me of how deeply we feel when we are disappointed by each other, and how we, as women, overreact to each other. We are starved for everything, and one film just cannot suffice. It is easier, then, to "hate" the

eroticism this film stirs up and to intellectualize it out of existence. Women see it in the privacy of themselves but then they emerge from the theater and dissect it, and the more they talk the worse it gets. The turn-on is dissipated by the put-down, the group scenes are simply not remembered. The pervading sensuousness of the leading actress is the trap the audience is turning away from because she is a slut. She picks up men in bars. She's probably one of those bisexuals who will go for anything that moves. She tells Noel that she likes "whatever feels good." Lesbian audiences do not want to be eroticized by somebody like her. Better to hate Claire of the Moon and go find some ice-pick movie murderer who won't poke at the stresses of your own life.

In a response letter from Frameline (S.F. International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival), the coordinators informed us. "The film was scheduled in last year's program but was withdrawn by the filmmaker." No reason is given as to why the filmmaker withdrew, as if there was no important or fathomable reason. Furthermore, it is my understanding that the film was only completed later last year (1992) so it couldn't have been withdrawn from last year's festival. What stake does Frameline have in ignoring this film? I received a further clue to the answer to this question after I read the latest trashing of Claire of the Moon in the May issue of On Our Backs. It is called "fear of bad art" or "fear of being sappy."

I remember that fear. When I was in high school in the early '60s I was very concerned about not being "trite," not being "gauche," or using clichés. In fact, I concluded that the best thing was to try

not to speak at all. The reaction to **Claire** from the gueer culture critic in On Our Backs reminds me of this.

Another interesting fear cropping up could be called "fear of the '70s Cultural Feminism": One of the worst features of this film is the poorly written script. The therapist character keeps lapsing into rambling monologues about different languages spoken by men and women which make them ultimately incompatible. The slut rightly points out that this makes gay people the only people who can achieve true intimacy through honest communication. Most lesbian audience members will recognize a crude version of 1970s cultural feminism in these boring little lectures, and will be amazed at how far behind the times this "new" film really is.

The dialogue is, to my knowledge, a completely new narrative attempt for a film. Anything that might have been sparked by ideas from the '70s, such as gay and straight women interacting at a writers' retreat, has never been shown on film. In the 1970s, when we were extending sisterhood to each other as a group for the first time in our lives, we started doing things like consciousness raising groups, writers' retreats, etc. Many thousands of us lived in an explosion of magic which was unprecedented because of our new group acceptance of each other. We were creating a whole new culture and we were open to each other. In the process of our ideology, however, we threw out old gay culture. We were embarrassed by heterosexual-seeming butch-femme roles and we never talked about dildos and s/m. Now, strangely enough,

we have a new queer culture embarrassed by suspected "sappiness" or "boring little lectures" of the previous cultural generation. I see the same old embarrassment and rejection that doesn't understand the historical context. Yes, we are more openly innovative now sexually, but let us not throw out the magical innocence of pure sensuality and call it "no sex." Criticism is needed, but so is the kindness we once extended to each other as a sisterhood. We used to encourage each other, which was the major magic in "70s cultural feminism." So, if you missed out on it, that's where to start in regenerating the best of it. I am not writing this review because I am being kind, however. I am writing it because there are almost no films I want to see and this was one I wanted to see twice.

The queer culture reviewer complains that there is "no sex" in the sex scene between the two women because there are "no dildos, no butch-femme roles, no fist fucking," that it's "behind the times" sexually. Vanilla sex is physical sensuality/touching without mental images or fantasies. It is what most people begin with. Some remain content with it. Actually Claire of the Moon is one big fantasy that the filmmaker created out of her own lesbian coming out process. Learning to love women is a continuous exploration. Martina Navratilova said she didn't have to learn how to be a lesbian, but a lot of us do and are still learning.

The reviewer compares Claire of the Moon unfavorably to "The Crying Game," a clever and moving gender bender that does have violence. She thinks Claire needed

Flirting With Danger

for David

by Kerry Guth

1

Driving home,
having drunk too much tonight,
we talk about the sweet round bottoms
of the girls behind the bar;
their cool breasts we touched
with fingers curied around our dollar bills.
We talk about the darkness: how the human mind
is full of shadows and hot,
restless beds...
two mild, kindly men
who would explore the shadows in themselves,
would cheat and lie
to lie down in those beds, or think they would —
or hope they would...

2

Blocked by a wreck in the park, of which we can see nothing but the red and blue of cop-car flashers up ahead, I turn and go another way I know, back through the woods.

A little later we have to piss. I stop, cut the lights, but leave the fifteen-year-old motor idling quietly behind us as we climb a grassy bank up from the road.

Fifteen years ago: my folks' new car—a rainy night, a steep down-hill, a traffic light I thought I could beat until I saw it change. Stomping the brakes, I felt the back end pull to the right, tires slurring on wet asphalt... felt four thousand pounds of Chevy metal drifting, sideways, toward the red light, through it and on down the hill without a scratch.

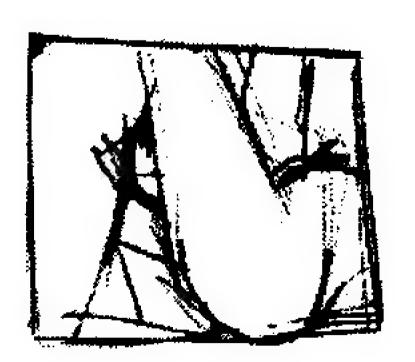
Behind us now,

that same car: its huge,
well-kept engine
more than adequate for
puttering through rush-hour traffic
five days a week... more than able,
despite its age,
despite the absurd and graceless
steering-column shift it's hobbled with,
to push our shoulders into the seat-backs
on an open stretch of good dry road.

The night air's damp and cool.
Standing in the tall grass, cocks in our hands,
the darkness glitters
dangerously around us. "I am an appetite,"
I whisper to myself,
and do not turn my head.
And do not look at you.

Sex is where the light and the darkness meet in the mind of man.
On our way back into town, we stop at the Vale Rio diner for a sack of cheeseburgers and a chocolate shake for Liz. Home, I stop upstairs, open the door to my son's room and watch him for a moment, safely asleep behind the bars of his crib.

Ryan Kerry Guth is a 32 year old, married man with one son. His work has appeared before in Sandcutters, and he is currently finishing a book-length narrative poem.



42

Leatherfolk: Radical Sex, People, Politics, and Practice

Edited by Mark Thompson Alyson Publications, Boston, 1991/Issued in paperback, 1992

Leatherfolk is the first cogender anthology of writings about leather-s/m culture. The essays are divided into sections on community, history, politics, and spirituality. Styles range from autobiographical accounts to "Leather 101" to historical and political essays.

Leatherfolk contains fascinating historical accounts which trace the development of the leather subculture from its roots in post-WWII biker culture and the early gay liberation movement. Gayle Rubin's essay is especially thorough, detailing the advent of gay s/m clubs in the late 1950s and the first public heterosexual s/m groups (the Eulenspiegel Society and Society of Janus) in the early 1970s. She continues with the history of the Catacombs (a San Francisco fisting club), 🐇 networking among leather lesbians, the advent of mixed gender/orientation parties in the late 1970s, and the campaign to close sex clubs and bathhouses in the wake of AIDS in the early 1980s. I was excited to discover the bisexual heritage of the leather-s/m culture. Steve, the founder of the Catacombs, was bisexual. He introduced his lover. Cynthia Slater (founder of the Society of Janus), to the gay male fisting and s/m community. Slater then introduced her female lovers, and the stage was set for the mixed male/female bi/gay/lesbian/ hetero leather-s/m scene.

The title and cover of Leatherfolk do not convey

that it is primarily a gay anthology. There were several contributions by people who play with both sexes (which is common in the leather scene). but few by self-identified bisexuals. An exception is Carol Truscott, who considers herself fortunate to be both bisexual and a switch (someone who plays both "top" or dominant and "bottom" or submissive roles). Previously, most s/m participants took on a definite and consistent top or bottom role. In recent years, being a switch has become much more acceptable, even preferable in some circles. This has been concurrent with the greater visibility and acceptance of bisexuality, and I wouldn't be surprised if they were related since both involve surpassing rigidly polarized notions of identity. Pat Califia compares the "in limbo" position of switches to that of bisexuals and transsexuals everybody knows they're there. but no one wants to own them or say they belong. Califia goes on to ask "can only men be real tops?" because men, unlike women, can come without being seen as passive. She claims that much of the women's s/m community (and I think the s/m community as a whole) has adopted the essentialist roles traditionally associated with vanilla heterosexuality: sticking it in is dominant, being stuck is submissive. Califla asks us to challenge the meaning we assign to all sexual acts, which is the truly radical potential of s/m.

Most work on the sexual politics of s/m have been written from a gay or lesbian perspective. It would be interesting to read the thoughts of heterosexual or bi leatherpeople in relationships with the opposite sex, especially on issues of how playing with power in male-female relationships can be reconciled with feminism, and how sexual liberation struggles of non-gay leatherpeople relates to gay liberation struggles I would also like to see contributions from transgendered leatherpeople, who have unique perspectives on issues of power, gender, and sexuality.

Because role and partner choices in s/m are generally not assigned on the basis of sex, the leather subculture as a whole tends to be open to people of all genders and sexual orientations (though there are exclusive subgroups). Tina Portillo in "I Get Real" relates how interacting with the leather community as a lesbian helped her to overcome her heterophobia and biphobia; in fact she now identifies as bisexual. Several writers in Leatherfolk are quite essentialist, believing that there are inherent gay, straight, male and female "natures." and that leather-s/m is quintessentially gay. This emphasis on the homosexual/heterosexual split is unfortunate since, as Fakir Musafar points out, the leather-s/m community is one of the few in which people who share an erotic identification are accepted regardless of sexual orientation.

The majority of writers in Leatherfolk are men. A better sense of the women's leathers/m community can be found in the anthology Coming to

Power (Samois). Strong pieces by women including Dorothy Allison's "Her body, mine, and his," which deals with the impact of AIDS on the gay male leather community and the concurrent explosion of kinky sex among lesbians, and Wickie Stamps' "I am your Frankenstein," the story of her evolution as a leatherwoman

and the rejection of leatherwomen by cultural feminists. The issue of s/m has deeply divided the lesbian and feminist communities since the "sex wars" of the early 1980s, which also involved pornography and "politically incorrect" female sexuality, including bisexuality. It still seems that those most opposed to s/m tend to also oppose bisexuality (both are seen as male-identifled); conversely, the s/m community is quite welcoming to bisexuals, and the bisexual community is quite accepting of radical sexuality.

John Preston and Michael Bronski emphasize the essential masculinity of the leather culture, and how embracing this

masculinity was a transforming experience for gay men in the early gay liberation years, who were used to viewing themselves as "sissies" devoid of masculine power. While this may be true for many gay men, power is not necessarily masculine, and dominant women who play with power are not necessarily claiming their masculinity. A dominatrix can be powerful but at the same time quintessentially feminine.

The only frankly misogynist piece is Samuel Steward's exposition of gay male s/m as a rebellion against the "encroaching matriarchy" and the "domination of women in all fields" (while women have made great strides, they can hardly be said to hold the majority of societal power!).



Several writers deal with the changing atmosphere in the leather-s/m subculture in recent years. In "What Happened?" John Preston claims that there is too much emphasis on being "good citizens." He believes it is futile to lobby for acceptance of leather-s/m because by its very nature it is beyond the realm of societal approval. He finds it laughable that some leatherpeople think that by pushing the "safe,

sane, consensual" line they
can win the hearts and minds
of the gay community and the
heterosexual mainstream. This
discussion has relevance in all
areas where there is debate
over assimilationism versus
liberation with diversity.

Preston claims that many members of the leather scene are not really into s/m but are

> rather seeking community. Preston believes that the gay/ lesbian community rather than the leather scene should satisfy this function. I disagree; many leatherfolk are not gay or lesbian, and many who are feel a greater sense of commonality on the basis of their erotic interest in leather-s/ m than on the basis of their gender preference. Several writers decry the "kink-ophobia" within gay and lesbian communities and their attempts to hide their "unpresentable" members in an effort to show a respectable public facade. Leatherpeople have commonly been scapegoated as spreaders of HIV/ AIDS, something with

which bisexuals are all too familiar. The political essays in this book are relevant to the discussion of how to build a sexual minority movement. Some activists believe that all sexual minorities should be included within the gay/lesbian movement. Others feel that there are good reasons why, for example, bisexuals, transgenderists or non-gay leatherpeople might not identify with the gay/lesbian



community, and that the gay/ lesbian movement has a right to focus specifically on gay issues. Many desire an allencompassing sexual liberation movement that includes gay/ lesbian people and other sexual, gender, and erotic minorities as equal participants.

Several authors tackle criticisms that have been directed against s/m. Arnie Kantrowitz discusses the use of Nazi paraphernalia and symbolism. While he acknowledges the need to preserve freedom of expression and the impossibility of policing sexual imagination, he encourages us to give serious though to the meanings behind our symbols. Some authors relate their experience with childhood sexual abuse and how their identity as survivors relates to their s/m practice. Gabrielle Antolovich ponders the issue of whether someone who has an abusive sexual history can ever give true consent (this can also be extended to those who are socially less powerful such as women and children). Tina

Portillo describes how her positive s/m experiences as a submissive black woman with white partners clashes with common negative characterization of such relationships.

In the final section on spirituality, several authors trace the long tradition of using extreme bodily sensation to achieve religious ecstasy or spiritual enlightenment. In "The Molecular Anatomy of Leather" Geoff Mains describes how endorphins, natural opioids released in response to intense stimuli, can induce euphoric states. Purusha the Androgyne, Ganymede, Fakir Musafar and others explore the erotic and spiritual value of s/ m, body modification, and ecstatic dances, and explore their connection to the rituals of so-called "primitive" peoples. There is perhaps too much romanticization of tribal peoples who, while less alienated from their bodies and nature, were not necessarily more egalitarian or sex-positive than modern societies. The heritage of the androgynous shaman is often noted.

Purusha claims that gay people are a special breed of "men-women" who have resisted social conditioning to be one gender and are thus more fully human. What he attributes to gay people seems to apply more accurately to transgenderists. Purusha seems to believe that attraction to women is inherently masculine and attraction to men is inherently feminine, so that gay men who are attracted to men are displaying a feminine attribute. The logical outcome of this assumption is that bisexuals, who are attracted to both men and women, are the true androgynes, but Purusha neglects to mention bisexuality (a common omission in the book).

On the whole, Leatherfolk is enjoyable and informative. The historical essays alone make it worthwhile for anyone interested in the leather-s/m subculture; gay-identified leathermen are especially likely to find it a valuable document of their community. I hope we will soon see more writings by members of the leather-s/m culture that will expand the range and depth of topics and the diversity of voices.

-Review by Liz A. Highleyman-

Liz A. Highleyman is a writer and activist living in Boston. She is a member of the Boston Bisexual Women's Network, the Love and Rage Anarchist Network, and the New England Chapter of the National Leather Association.



Desire

By Katerl

The arch of his body as he hurls himself off the springboard, making of himself a living bow, pulled back to enter the water smoothly, silently, swiftly captures me.

He hauls himself onto the side of the pool by strongly muscled arms, tautly holding himself within as he awaits the decision; a tightly wound coil of trained energy, which explodes with the cheering of the fans — 9.995 and the sudden exhalation of my breath

And the frame shifts, and my fickle eye is caught by another, and once again I begin to hold my breath, as she steps forward towards the bars.

Fourteen years old.

And a momentary pang of shame that I am lusting after this child... her barely formed breasts slightly visible under the Unified leotard, her long blond hair pulled back in the ever-present ponytail, guaranteed to catch the heart of a judge as it frames a still and determined heart-face.

She leaps forward, catching us all unawares, and we lean forward in our chairs and couches and patches of carpet, as those tiny limbs, (4'6", 69 pounds) wrap themselves around the unforgiving bars.

And she soars!

And the envy (of what we wished we might have been at age fourteen)
and the desire (for a child-woman with a face carved in stone
and a body sculpted by Michelangelo)
and the hope (oh, let her be magnificent, glorious, let her win the
golden prize... and never mind that we wished the same for the last)

they all combine a riotous swirl of emotion, centering somewhere in the pit of our stomachs, as she begins her dismount (two circles, one and a half twist) flies... and staggers to her knees as she lands.

And for a brief moment we feel with her the shattering of a lifetime of dreams.

Until the next contender takes his place on the mat.



See bio page 14

Claire... from page 41

some violence, an "ice pick" somewhere in it, or maybe the women should have been armed (at a writers' retreat?). Many of us do not go to see 99% of films because they are violent. *Claire* is actually about something else. Can you stand it?

Lesbians do not have the money to make movies. This is why there are seldom, if ever, lesbian full-length features. It is the same reason we do not have our own neighborhoods, and our institutions, started in the '70s, are failing. Why

should queer culture be laying down the new cookie cutter version of how it should be when we've never see our cultural reflection from the 1970s on film?

But I do not agree that this film is of the '70s. I think it is a '90s product which cries out for a sequel. If a lesbian filmmaker comes along who has the money to make films that are authentically from her, we should rejoice. Nicole Conn's next film is not the quantum leap we need to the present, it goes back to Paris in the '30s. The past is so much safer, I don't blame her. I blame the

critics who decided to show how cool they are by trashing Claire. For the latest bit of trashing, see off our backs, for June '93. There the reviewer finds more and different sequences and dialogue to hate than I have covered, but I saw it too late to review it all. Ironically, however, off our backs, a twenty-year feminist newspaper, and On Our Backs, named in response to perceived anti-sex attitudes, for the "adventurous" lesbian. finally agree on something. Why would lesbian feminist culture and queer culture team up to hate Claire of the Moon, team up to tell us that it doesn't fit each one's different cookie cutter version of reality? I expect mainstream papers to invalidate my reality across the board. But I know from talking to various lesbians that this time our own movements are not in tune with us. If all the literary and intellectual snobs want to trash Naiad novels, that's one thing, because that doesn't have any effect on the production of Naiads; lesbians still buy them in droves. But film is much more vulnerable.

-Reviewed by Thyme S. Siegel-



Untitled

By Nina Silver

You paint like you make love.
With one soft motion you start the scene.
Your hand moves gently,
correcting color and creating form.
You prime your subject
and arrange your breath around her.
You delight in the nude lines
and tell her to hold still.

It is half-past four and you are still dressed.
You rebraid your hair on olive arms and bring out more wine.
You show me old lithographs, chatting about galleries.
Your canvas has been blue for a month because, you say, purple is too passionate.

You have finally gone back to painting. Your hand moves quickly in breathless bold lines, unusual angles. It knows what it wants though you keep your mind doubting.

I am the model
so I try to hold still.
Yes, you paint as you love:
at times your hand wavers.
The brush fails
and you call it a night.

Nina Silver is a counselor, Reichian bodyworker, and troublemaker. When she isn't spending time with her partner, she publishes in Gnosis, Empathy, Green Egg, Lesbian Bedtime Stories, Women's Glib, and elsewhere.

Green Sperm And Menstruation

By Kenneth Pobo

In the Writing Center we discuss green sperm and menstruation, adolescence.

Karen says her mom told her nothing. Ingrid says she kept a journal, knew even then her daughter would need words someday.

I remember jacking off in the bathtub,

green sperm

how I wanted to tell my parents how I wanted to be dead

was scared and moist.

Kenneth Pobo is a published poet who resides in Pennsylvania. His chapbook, Yes: Irises, is published by Singular Speech Press.

Tar Beach

By Saint-Pierre

Lying,
dreaming of tropic sand between toes;
it is enough,
on a roof alone
with 20 million lonely windows
looking.

See bio page 28



Gadfly Bi... from page 8

This ban is a watershed for us. If we can serve our country and be out then the commanders will be forced to tell service members to leave their religious biases off duty. The ban will be a major blow to the heterosexual superiority myth. It will also provide an economic escape for hundreds of gay. lesbian, and bisexual youth in the form of on-the-job training, money for college, a way out of the poverty trap. Admittedly, it would be better if there were other options. More peaceful, less dangerous options, but we don't live on that planet right now. For some it is the worst decision that could be made. If you believe that, don't join. But please, for the sake of the men and women, the boys and girls for whom the military is the best shot they will ever get of finding a new life, support making it safe for them to serve. It's easy to sit back from an elitist intellectual position and dump on the practical day-today decisions that the proletariat whom we pretend to love so much make to get over and get through.

the intellectual and artistic elite, should remember that ultimately our battle is for them. To some degree we have already reached parts of our promised land in our queer ghettoes and circles. We can organize, we can be in-yourface, we can wear tee-shirts and carry banners. For our kindred in uniform and those of us living in now. middle America, some if not most,

of them are just trying to survive. Remember that as you parade down the street in whatever kind of queer pride you possess and think of all the people who couldn't be there — because they were out to sea, or standing watch on a cold dark night in some foreign land. And remember that, whether or not we see it that way, they believe they are over there defending your right to do exactly what you are doing now.

To all of them, I salute you and hope that you all die peacefully in your sleep at a ripe old age.

Sometimes it's far

down our noses at

about how their real

lives (as opposed to our

romantic notions or cerebral

analysis) play out. Maybe we,

too easy to look

them when we

may know vapor

Of All The Ways I've Died

by Mary Saliba

I like the downing the deep green calm falling deeper cold that feels warm the silent slow slow back and forth deepening Quiet Listen even my heart knows to whisper its beating gently with the curves and sways of the underwaves I've been called spineless I belong here with the softboned wanderers I am driftweed on the summer sand the seed swelling through your legs softly as you sleep in the sun I am seapowder wrapping around your ankles tapping tasting your toes as you sweep them through a sea pool I am waterweed bleeding slipping with the windwaves rolling pushing down the spiral of a tongue down down the hands here are so large I roll and ride float somersaults still on one hand one finger one little tip of a finger streaking across me I feel everything everywhere ride up, arch like a cat then blend again with the waves, the emerald silence Of all the ways I like the drowning

Mary Saliba has a BFA from New York University and is currently working towards an MFA in creative writing at Emerson College in Boston.

fall/ equinox

by Indigo Som

sudden squall
you tip me
& i feel
things
falling out
tumbling from the

saucers sliding

over each other

handles breaking off

from their mugs

& flowerz

holes in me

squashed under

neath books

you tip me over i am falling

spilled/ like alice

down

a rabbit hole/ into some weirder wonder land/ falling

outta yr armz

fall like the end of summer stumbling

trippin into rain puddles
i always said
summers are for women
in the fall i go back
to men/unless
you cd let me
fall
into yr armz/ unless we cd
put the typewriter back
up on the table
& the records
into their sleeves

if you cd let there be summer/ in the

fall

See bio page 7

Interview... from page 30

trying to start it again this fall. We know of no other bi groups.

RO: What do you think will happen in the next 5-10 years?

TL: A bisexual state will be founded. I will become the dictator.

LR: Bisexuality will become generally known and accepted, so that it won't cause any more amazement than any other human characteristic. I believe this will come about in the next ten years.

TL: That is my hope, also. Whether it will happen remains to be seen.

RO: Teemu, you've been on the bisexual electronic mail networks for some time now?

TL: Yes.

RO: How do you think access to international has affected bisexual organizing, both in Finland and in general?

TL: Apparently it has eased organizing, at least internationally. The bi scene in Finland is still so small that email and networking has had no effect here.

RO: Did it have any effect on your decision to start a group in Helsinki?

TL: By following first soc.motss and BISEXU-L, then soc.bi. I got support for the formation of my bi identity and enough answers to potential questions about bisexuality - for networking to have had at least a supportive influence when I decided to become the other moderator of the group. (Nowadays, because of the volume of the other forums, I only follow BIACT-L.) Also if I hadn't been on the network, I wouldn't have met the friend whose place I stayed at in Boston in August-September, nor the bi activists of Boston, so this interview wouldn't exist without the net.

The Top Ten Films of All Time, according to 200 lesbian and gay film and video makers, curators and critics:

- 1) Vertigo (Alfred Hitchcock, 1958, USA)
- 2) Sunset Boulevard (Billy Wilder, 1950, USA)
- 3) The Times of Harvey Milk (Robert Epstein, 1984, USA)
- 4) La Dolce Vita (Frederico Fellini, 1960, ITA/FRA)
- 5) Jeanne Dielman (Chantal Akerman, 1975, BEL/FRA)
- 6) Citizen Kane (Orson Welles, 1941, USA)
- 7) Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk, 1959, USA)
- 8) The Wizard of Oz (Victor Fleming, 1939, USA)
- 9) Thelma and Louise (Ridley Scott, 1991, USA)
- 10) Law of Desire (Pedro Almodovar, 1987, SPA)

Courtesy of Frameline



The Proper Setting

Restaurants: the long and short of it

By Lani Kaahumanu

restaurant reviews all this talk of table cloths the long and short possibilities

fantasies of fine linen the proper setting laid out before us

on the table a cloth short on potential exposes how stiff you can get when my foot dips into your crotch just as the main course is served, but then no one is really watching and if someone is lick your fingers slowly removing the juice so I can stretch my toes over your balls as I sip a glass of wine telling you to quickly unbutton your pants while keeping your hands in my sight line

tease me slowly
like the wine
blushing my cheeks red
but don't
and I repeat, don't
touch the hardness
beneath the napkin
on your lap

how did you know not to wear underwear? I pick at my meal
distracted by the moist heat
between your legs
my foot pressuring
your throbbing asshole
my toes massaging
the sweatiness of your balls
as I lick my fork intently
purposely taking my time

you busy yourself with dinner the passing waiter asks if everything is "all right" you take a deep breath and groan "Yes, just perfect." I smile and nod in agreement taking another mouthful as my foot, my toes start rubbing your taut erection matter of factly I lean over and as if I was just asking to "please pass the salt" say, "I want your cock in my mouth." you put your fork down lean over and through your teeth growl as you cum on my foot

the length of the cloth is very important when you bring me to these places you know...

Lani Kaahumanu is a poet, long-time political activist, HIV educator, and turns 50 on October 5th. You can send her a card in care of ATM!

Two Weeks ... from page 11

were in. However, editing my speech in this situation was completely out of the question. In the end I agreed to look over my speech and edit, but not to two minutes. A sense of injustice filled me with a focused fierceness in a way I had never experienced before in my life. I would not be stopped, period.

Less than a minute later someone said, "You're on." I hadn't even really looked over my speech to begin the edit, but it didn't matter. This was it. I felt strong and clear and angry as I walked through the security check points before the long ascent to the stage. "Lani Kaahumanu?" "Yes," I said, "Lani Kaahumanu." With each step my determination grew stronger. With each step I was filled with a powerful sense of love for bisexual people, for our courage and bravery, for the visible and

viable bisexual community we have built, and for the strong bisexual pride movement we have organized. Oh no, I did not feel alone up there at all.

Nothing was going to stop me, nothing, not even Robin Tyler, the co-producer of the stage, who literally got on her knees and asked me to make my speech two minutes. (What a lost photo opportunity!) I looked around and unexpectedly saw two familiar and friendly faces. Robin and I went over the two sentence introduction I had written earlier in the day. I had to edit one out. She liked one, but I wanted the other because it was more radical. It mentioned I had been a housewife and activist in the 60s, a public lesbian mother in the 70s and an out of the closet bisexual since 1980.

I walked to the podium as Robin introduced me. What a moment. There were hundreds of thousands of people as far as I could see and television cameras too numerous to count set up on a platform. I took a deep breath. "Aloha," I said, "It ain't over 'til the bisexual speaks." And the rest, as they say, is bistory.

There is so much more that can and will be written about this March and the influence it will have on the lesbian, gay and bisexual movement and the broader sexual liberation movement. The endorsement of the March by the NAACP and the inclusionary speeches given at the March by their leadership were incredibly important. The NAACP is taking a lot of flak internally for their stance. Call or write to a local office or to the national office thanking them for their support. Better yet send the letter with a check for membership or a donation. Dr. Benjamin Chavis, NAACP, 4805 Mt. Hope Drive, Baltimore, MD 21215. Also worth a letter of support is to C-SPAN for carrying the entire program of the afternoon stage live. They are also catching a lot of criticism and need support for this kind of programming. C-SPAN Programming, 444 N. Capitol St. #412, Washington D.C. 20001



bbie Rabinowitz



Leaning Against Plate Glass

by L. Phillips

She slapped him so hard his glasses flew to the other side of the room. His cheek smarted for days. He would find himself rubbing it as if by doing so he could conjure her up. She was gone. She walked out and onto a road and flagged down the first car—there was no doubt the man would stop, only a fool would pass her by.

He stood at the window of the cafe and watched the car gun up the road. She'll be back. Now how could he figure that? She never looked back. She didn't pause at the door nor did she hesitate before getting into the car. She'll be back. There it was again.

Now here he was rubbing his cheek, thinking of her, in a different town, in a different state. Hell, in a different decade. And there she was. There she was standing before him. She smiled. She walked over to his table, smiled again, more sweetly this time, perhaps even contrite, and slapped him hard. This time his glasses stayed on.

"What can I get for you?"
"You. I want you."
"Let's go."

She dropped the pad she carried, flicked the pencil in a curl at the back of her head, took his arm and nudged him toward the door. He was hungry and would have preferred to eat first.

She never accounted for those missing years and he didn't ask. She was extremely demanding in bed and they had long intense sexual interludes that drained them and left them content. The past never came up.

When she first met him, years ago, he had been following Mary Jane Cannary's trail up from Missouri. She joined him now and didn't question he was still on the trail. She found a job waitressing in Helena while he poked around libraries and old folks homes looking for a lucky find, someone who had known Calamity or her cronies.

They stayed in motels. He always paid for a week at a time and he would eat all his meals where she worked. On occasion she would work the graveyard shift and he simply altered his eating times. No one questioned her right to dole out food. She was tough and left her own trail of cowered restaurant owners, cooks. waitresses and customers. Martha Jane would have welcomed this feisty woman. They might have been friends. They might have been lovers.

Often he would wander into their room at all hours, hot and excited for a warm lead or cold and desolate from a cool path, and there would be a woman in her bed. Often he would shuck his clothes and crowd into bed with them. Just as often he would make himself a roost in the bath tub. He always received a lusty reception when he chose the bed. Often, when he chose the tub, naked warm bodies would pile on top of him and they might end up sprawled across the bathroom floor. Always exhausted, they put everything

they had into it and slept where they dropped.

Still, he was always up at dawn, as often was she; Rufus ready to sniff out a new lead in his lifelong work, though he thought of it as a passing phase, Christabel to go to one of a thousand sleazy diners or family restaurants or truck stops she chose to give the pleasure of her company.

It was a pleasure too. She was pushy and aggressive. hotheaded and loving, all intermingled, like Rufus' writing. She was remembered wherever she had worked. Stories were passed down and, years later as I, for my own reasons, followed her trail, the trail was alive with memories of Christabel. How Christabel smashed every dish in sight and then told the owner there had been an earthquake. He believed her too. He loved Christabel and she was like an earthquake he told me later. How Christabel had entertained a flock of soldierboys and girls by dancing naked atop a lunch counter, pelting them with strawberries and handfuls of whipped cream. Memories of Christabel. On the trail of Christabel.

He poked around shops, drove out to old ranch sites, taking it all in, writing in tiny neat handwriting for hours recording she didn't know what. Often she glanced at his daily entries. They were simple sentences, uncomplicated and uncluttered. The trick was to figure which sentence followed another for Rufus often carried on several narratives at once and she soon lost interest in sorting them out.

For days at a time, sometimes longer, the trail would be cold. Rufus would take out his flute and, always to her embarrassment, for she liked to take care of him, he would find the most crowded street, put his case in prominent view and play. She loved his music and would step out into the street and listen. She revelled in the noise and confusion of the city and chose a spot in the thick of things herself so he was never far from her when he began to play.

If the local police hassled him, as they often did, not quite knowing what to do with this great shaggy black man who played such beautiful music, when this happened she would wade into them. calling them donut eaters as if this were the last great guilt exposed. They always came around for she knew them all and they loved Christabel. Wherever she worked cops would pass the word for she would feed them whatever they wanted. She delighted in stuffing them with pastries, hating them to their faces and telling them so. Sometimes she might take a sweet roll and ground it into a cop's face like putting out a cigarette. This became a badge of distinction and men would vie for the honor of having been smashed by Christabel. Only men. She had an eye for women who were cops and was sweet to them. Rufus often found a woman's uniform by her bed.

But back to the street where Rufus was playing. Not all those other times in those little towns and cities along the trail of Martha Jane Cannary, but one night in Helena, toward the end. On the trail of Christabel. One sultry night Rufus played his flute while Christabel, on a rare night off, leaned against a plate glass window a few stores down and listened to his beautiful music.

This habit she had, of leaning against plate glass, always fussed Rufus and she loved to see him angry with her, which was seldom. Often they would meet late at night and sometimes she would display herself like Christ on the cross, across a glass window. A bare tit delicately removed from her blouse, muttering heavy low grunts of delight. Rufus was terrified her clamor would break the window and the more shaky he became the more she would thrash against the glass, her grunts turning into howls.

Then she would stop. She would look into his eyes, take her tit in both hands and put it back into its hiding place. Then she would laugh at him. Or she might flit her tiny powerful fists out at him. He would deflect her blows, pulling her into his massive body until the pounding stopped and she grew limp. She might claw him or bite the nearest part available. She had left a scar across his sweet lips and she was contrite and vowed to avoid biting him after permanently scrunching his nose during a moment of intense desire. But sometimes she forgot her vows.

Christabel leaned against a plate glass window and listened and watched. She liked the sound of his music as it floated up the street. A redheaded youngster appeared enthralled with the music and edged closer until he was inches from Rufus. Such a pretty boy and she loved redhair. She admired the curve of his butt. She wondered if the hair up his crack was that same vibrant color. Easy enough to find out.

Rufus was caught up in a passage and was oblivious to the boy's stares. She watched the swirl of red hair as the kid stooped down and swept up the flute case full of coins and ran up the street toward her. Rufus played on, his eyes

enraptured as if those eyes had been splashed by kisses by Louise Brooks.

Years later I tracked the red-head down, for my own reasons. The red hair had gone and his appearance had altered and he told a different story. The others I talked to who were there that night, except Rufus who remembered nothing, all agreed, that, as the kid sauntered by her. Christabel stepped into his path, reached out for his swinging hand, grabbed it with both her little ones, and propelled him around and toward the plate glass window. She giggled as he crashed through it. This was the old fashioned kind of plate glass and it splintered into huge chunks. Jagged pieces rained down upon him. Rufus played on.

Three police cars were there right away as a crowd gathered. The cops rushed to surround her. One of them retrieved the flute case while the others, after making sure she was okay, dived to pick up coins strewn everywhere while gingerly stepping over broken glass. The coins replaced, the flute case was given to her with a flourish.

One of the cops peered through the windowless hole and shook her head. Christabel made her way through the crowd, the flute case held as if in offering. Many may have been spurred on by the uniforms of her escort for the money kept falling. Christabel paused, smiled, and listened to the beautiful music as Rufus played on.

L. Phillips hails from Chicago. His short story, Her Mama's Green Wedding Dress, will appear in No Roses Review later this year.



O Toll

"I never see a man or a woman — when I am happy — that I don't want to kiss or at least touch with my hand."

- Playwright Clifford Odets -

"The only thing I regret about my past is the length of it. If I had my life to live again, I'd make the same mistakes, only sooner."

- Tallulah Bankhead

"Oh, you mean I'm homosexual! Of course I am, and heterosexual too. But what's that got to do with my headache?"

— Poet Edna St. Vincent Millay in response to a doctor who hinted that her severe headaches might be due to repressed lesbian impulses —

"I conjugated the verb 'to love' in both Hellenic as well as Romantic."

Lord Byron, Britain's most famous
 romantic poet in describing his love of both
 sexes —



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WELL-KNOWN CULTURAL AND POLITICAL LEADERS

Not everyone on this list has identified as bi. These are people who were known to have relationships with people of genders other than their own as well as their own. Our purpose in compiling the list was not to "out" anybody, to label anyone as bi, or to claim these leaders for the bi community. Rather, it was to acknowledge that the sexual part of their life experience was/is a part of their perspective, creativity, and power.

Alexander the Great: king of Macedonia Allen, Peter: singer, dancer, songwriter Angeline: international model

Anne: Queen of England

Army of Lovers: pop group with 2 "out" bis

Arthur, Jean: actress

Auden, W.H.: Anglo-American poet, critic

Augustus: Roman emperor

Bacon, Sir Francis: English jurist, scientist

Baez, Joan: U.S. folksinger Baldwin, James: U.S. writer Bankhead, Tallulah: actress

Barnes, Djuna: writer

Beauvoir, Simone de: French writer Bernhard, Sandra: comedian, actress

Bernstein, Leonard: U.S. composer, conductor

Bishop, Elizabeth: U.S. poet Bowen, Elizabeth: irish writer Bowie, David: musician, actor

Bowles, Jane: writer

Bowles, Paul: U.S. composer, writer Boy George: recording artist

Brando, Marlon: U.S. actor Bright, Susie: U.S. writer, lecturer

Broughton: James: U.S. poet
Brown: Rita Mae: U.S. writer

Burroughs, William: U.S. writer Burton, Sir Richard: British explorer

Lord Byron: English poet

Caesar, Julius: Roman general statesman

Caligula: Roman emperor

Carpenter, Edward: British reformer, poet

Cather, Willa: U.S. writer

Catullus, Gaius Valerius: Latin poet

Cheever, John: writer
Christina: Queen of Sweden
Clarke, Arthur C.: writer
Clausen, Jan: writer, editor
Cocteau, Jean; French writer

Colette: writer

Copland, Aaron: U.S. composer, conductor

Crane, Harte: U. S. poet
Dean, James: U.S. actor
de Sade, Marquis: writer
Dickinson, Emily: U.S. poet
Dietrich, Marlena: actress, singer
di Prima, Diane: poet, writer

Doolitile, Hilda: poet

Douglas, Lord Alfred: British writer Douglas, Norman: British writer Dunbar-Nelson, Alice Moore

Duncan, Isadora: U.S. choreographer, dancer

Edward II: English king Enrique IV: Castilian king

Esenin, Sergei: Russian poet, lover of I. Duncan

Fitzgerald, Edward: British poet

Flynn, Errol: actor Foster, Jodie: actress Francis, Kay: actress Gallienne, Eva Le: actress

Geffen, David: Hollywood producer

Gide, Andre: French writer
Ginsberg, Allen: U.S. poet
Goodman, Paul: writer
Graves, Robert: British writer

Grimke, Angelina: U.S. abolitionist/feminist

Gurganus, Allan: writer
Hadrian: Roman emperor
Hall, Radcliffe: writer
Hansberry, Lorraine: writer
Hay, Harry: U.S. activist
Holiday, Billie: U.S. jazz singer
Hudson, Rock: actor

Hughes, Langston: U.S. novelist, poet ireland, Patricia: U.S. feminist, President of

NOW

James I: British king

Jagger, Mick: rock singer, The Rolling Stones

John, Eiton: U.S. recording artist
Jones, Grace: recording artist, actress
Joplin, Janis: U.S. recording artist

Juan II: Castilian king

Kahlo, Frida: Mexican painter, wife of Diego

Rivera

Kaye, Danny: actor

Kerouac, Jack: U.S. novelist

Keynes, John Maynard: British economist

King, Billie Jean: tennis champion
LaBelle, Pattie: recording artist
Lawrence, D.H.: English writer
Lee, Gypsy Rose: stripper
Lindsay, Vachel: U.S. poet
Lorde, Audre: U.S. writer

Losch, Tilly: actress
Louis XIII: French king
Madonna: U.S. recording artist

Mann, Thomas: German writer

Mansfield, Katherine: actress

Marble, Alice: tennis champion

Maugham, W. Somerset: English writer McAlmon, Robert: U.S. writer McCullers, Carson: U.S. writer

McDaniel, Hattle: actor McKnen, Rod: U.S. poet

Mead, Margaret: U.S. anthropologist Melville, Herman: U.S. writer (Moby Dick) Mercury, Freddie: songwriter, lead singer of

Green

Michael, George: singer, musician Millay, Edna St. Vincent: U.S. poet and playwright

Millet, Kate: U.S. feminist, writer

Milton, John: British poet, writer Mishima, Yukio: Japanese writer Navratilova, Martina: tennis champion

Near, Holly: U.S. recording artist

Nero: Roman emperor Nevelson, Louise: sculptor

Nicolson, Harold: statesman, husband of Vita

Sackville-West

Nittnsky, Vasiav: Russian dancer

Nin, Anias: writer

O'Keefe, Georgia: U.S. painter, artist Olivier, Lawrence: English actor

Paglia, Camille: writer
Parker, Pat: U.S. poet
Power, Tyrone: actor
Pu Yl: Chinese emperor
Ma Rainey: U.S. singer
Ram Dass: U.S. spiritual guru
Redgrave, Michael: British actor

Richard I: English king Riley, Larry: actor

Roosevelt, Eleanor: U.S. diplomat, reformer,

wife of Franklin D.

Rose, Betsy: U.S. recording artist

Sackville-West, Vita: writer, wife of Harold

Nicholson

St. Augustine: Roman monk who began the conversion of England to Christianity

Sappho: Greek poet Scott, Paul: British writer Smith, Bessie: U.S. blues singer

Smith, June: actress, wife of Henry Miller

Socrates: Greek philosopher

Sprinkle, Annie: performance artist, actress,

pom star

Stael, Madame de: French critic, novelist Starhawk: U.S. writer, feminist, witch

Strachey, Lytton: writer

Symonds, John Addington: British writer

Teasdale, Sara: poet

Thompson, Dorothy: journalist

Tiberius: Roman emperor
Townshend, Pete: recording artist
Uvanuno, Miguel de: Spanish writer

Valentino, Rudolph: actor Van Vechten, Carl: U.S. writer

Vassi, Marco: writer
Verlaine, Paul: French poet
Vidal, Gore: writer

Waugh, Evelyn: British writer Whitman, Walt: U.S. poet

Wilde, Oscar: Irish poet, playwright
Williams, Tennessee: U.S. playwright
Wollstonecraft, Mary: writer (Frankenstein)

Wong, Anna May: actress

Woolf, Virginia: English writer

Bi Community & Resources

mixed

Bay Arca Biscxual Network: Forum 3rd Thursday of each month, 7:30 p.m. at the Women's Bldg. 3543 18th Street, SF. Topics of interest to members of the bicommunity and their friends. BABN also sponsors a speaker's bureau of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415/564-BABN or write BABN at 2404 Callfornia Street #24, SF, CA 94115.

Bi-Friendly East Bay: Every Tuesday, 7:30 p.m. Join other bisexual women and men at a Berkeley cafe for dinner and conversation. Call Betsy 510-845-7441.

Bi-Friendly of the Peninsula: 2nd and 4th Mondays. 7:30 p.m. Join bisexual women and men for dinner and conversation at Vicolo Pizza, 473 University Ave., Palo Alto. Call Joyce 415/856-6901.

Bi-Friendly San Francisco: Every Monday, 7:30 p.m. Join bisexual men and women at a SF case for dinner and conversation. Call Pierre 415/648-6332. To subscribe to a calendar of bi social events around the Bay Area, send \$10 to Pierre Dusour at 2336 Market Street #130, SF 94114.

BIPOL: The Bay Area Bi/Gay/Lesbian political action group. Meets 3rd Monday of each month. Call 415/821-3534 or write 584 Castro #422, SF, CA 94114.

Bisexual Group in Marin. Call Kenny Altman 415/647-3055 (home) or 415/331-8273 (work) to add your name to a list of people who would like to form a support group for bi women and men.

Bi Women and Men Open Rap: Every Sunday, 7-8:50 p.m. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

Games Night: Every Saturday, 6-9:45 p.m. at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. About 25-30 bis, gays and lesbians play cards, scrabble, etc., or watch videos. Call 510/841-6224.

Lavender SIG: A political & support network for fat bis, lesbians, gays & their allies. Part of NAAFA, a human rights organization. Send SASE to PO Box 210074, SF, CA 94121-0074.

Mother Goose Productions: Sponsors monthly Jack & Jill Off social gatherings for women, men, bl. gay, lesbian. Send SASE to PO Box 3212, Berkeley CA 94703.

Sacramento Area Bisexual Network: The purpose of this 100-member group is to educate, politicize, support one another, and socialize. They publish Bi Word

of Mouth newsletter and do a bi radio show. Send SASE to PO Box 189146, Sacramento CA 95818, or call 916/863-3700.

Sci-Fi Bis: Group forming for Sci-Fi/Fantasy & Trekkle fans, Call Adrienne Davis 415/885-4648.

Side by Side Sonoma: Bisexual women and men meet in Sebastopol for discussion and support, 2nd & 4th Wednesdays, 7:30-9:30. Social gathering for bi's and friends 1st Saturday of each month. Call Pat or Chuck at 707/829-1415; or Colin at 707/823-2990.

Society of Janus: Educational programs, parties, newsletter, and mutual support for adults interested in consensual SM, BD, leather. Open to all sexual identities. Send SASE to PO Box 426794, SF, CA 94142-6794. Hotline: 415/985-7117,

There are more groups for women and men under the categories "Ethnic/OfColor" and "Parenting & Family".

There are TDD numbers for hearing-impaired bi's under the categories "Ethnic/ Of Color", "Health", and "Student & Youth".

women

Bay Area Bisexual Women's Network: Offer support/discussion groups, sponsorworkshops, and organize women only events and social activities. Newsletter listing events & support groups. To receive newsletter (\$5/yr) or list women's group or women's event, call 415/485-1015 (evenings only).

Bi Myself: Discussion/support group for bisexual women meets 1st & 3rd Mondays in Santa Rosa, and holds other social events. Call Marie 707/545-9325.

Bisexual Women's Support Group: 1st & 3rd Sundays, 7:30 p.m. at the Unitarian Church, 505 Charleston, Palo Alto. Call 415/961-9590.

Bi Women's Group: Bisexual and bicurious women have monthly potlucks in Palo Alto for support and socializing. Call True 415/323-4227.

LABIA: Lesbians and Bi Women in Alliance meet every Thursday, 7:30 p.m. in Berkeley. Call Judith 510/528-5331.

San Francisco Bisexual Women's Support Group: Meet other bi women and share experiences in an informal setting. Group meets three Wednesday evenings and one Sunday per month. Call Ingrid 415/775-2620.

Women's Bisexual Network of Santa Cruz & the Greater Monterey Bay Area: Resource and referral service for biwomen. Call 408/427-4556 (voice mail).

Women's Coming Out Support Group: Every Wednesday, 6-7:30 p.m. at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Focuses on coming out to self, friends, family, workplace. All women welcome. Newcomers arrive at 5:45. Call 510-841-6224.

Women's Spirituality Group. Meets monthly in Marin. Open to lesbians, bisexual and heterosexual women. Call Spectrum Center for Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Concerns: 415/457-1115.

Women's Electronic Mail Networks: ba.sappho for bi women and lesbians. BIFEM for bisexual women and transsexuals.

There are more groups for women under the categories "Ethnic/Of Color", "Student and Youth", and "Health".

men

Bisexual Men's Therapy Group: Focuses on relationship and communication issues. Call Ron Fox, M.S., MFCC at 415/751-6714. Fee.

Gay Men's Rap Group. Every Monday, 7:45-9:50 at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, 75-100 gay and bisexual men gather together, then divide into discussion groups by topic. Call 510/841-6624.

Married/Once Married Bi and Gay Men's Rap Group: Every Wednesday, 8-9:50. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

Men's Resource Hotline: Listing of men's groups and resources dedicated to a positive change in male roles and relationships. Call Gordon at 415/453-2839.

Move (Men Overcoming Violence): Provides group and individual counseling for men who batter and community education on the issues of sexism, masculinity and male violence. Call 415/626-6683.

There are more groups for men under the categories "Ethnic/OfColor", "Student and Youth", and "Health".

ethnicles color

AMASSI: Provides support, affirmation and empowerment services to people of diverse sexual & ethnic backgrounds, emphasizing Afro-Americans. Provides individual & couples counseling, support groups, AIDS education and support.



outreach and community training inside the Afro-American community, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland CA 94609. Phone: 510/601-9066.

Arab Bi/Lesbian/Gay Network: Bi/lesbian/gay people of Arab heritage. Social, political, educational. Write PO Box 460526, SF, CA 94114.

Asian Pacifica Sisters: Community-based organization for lesbians and bisexual women of Asian heritage around the Bay Area. Sponsors social, political and cultural/educational events. Write APS, PO Box 170596, SF, CA 94117 to get on mailing list. Send \$3.50 to receive a copy of Phoenix Rising newsletter. New members contact Caroline 415/621-2982 or Young 510/465-7394.

Asian Pacific Lesbian Network: Lesbian and bisexual women of Asian heritage are meeting monthly to plan a retreat for this national network on the 3rd weekend in October, 1993. Call Yvette 415/653-6770 or Teresa 415/928-8885.

Bi Men of Color Group: Support and social. Call Kuwaza at 510/465-9671.

Black Men's Exchange: Every Friday, 8 p.m., 40-70 men of African-American heritage and diverse sexual expressions meet for social support and empowerment at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr., Way, Oakland. A development committee meets separately to plan events (last year they addressed homophobia as an embarrassment to the Black community). Oakland chapter and national head quarters: 510/839-9138. Other chapters listed under the category "Bis Beyond the Bay".

Brothers Loving Others Safely and Soundly: Every Saturday, 7 p.m. at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr., Way, Oakland. Men of diverse sexual and ethnic backgrounds (with an emphasis on Afro-Americans) meet for support around risk reduction in behavior (such as AIDS and domestic violence) and making positive choices around their rage. Food is served. Call AMASSI 510/601-9066.

Gay Asian/Pacific Alliance (GAPA): Bi/Gay men of Asian and Pacific Island heritage. Sponsor events and the GAPA men's chorus. Publish magazine Lavender Godzilla: Voices of Gay & Bisexual Asian Pacific Men. Write PO Box 421884, SF, CA 94142.

GAPA Political Action/Awareness: Call Bang Nguyen 415/552-8750.

GAPA Rap: Bi/gay Asian/Pacific Islander men's support group. Meets bi-monthly. Call 415-252-1163.

Jewish Bisexual Caucus: Discussion, support, social, Meets monthly, Call Jim 415/337-4566.

Lavender Dragon Society: New group where Chinese and Chinese-American

gay and bisexual men get to be Chinese and queer at the same time. Call Daniel 415/992-2656.

LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center): Groups for young African-Americans. Many other groups. Se habla espanol; Nagsasalita kami ng Tagalog. Call the hotline for schedule: 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1/800/246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812. Also see the "Student & Youth" category.

Sister Love: Every Thursday, 7 p.m. at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland. For women who love women. Diverse ethnic backgrounds and sexual identities; emphasizes Afro-Americans. Food is served. Call 510/601-9066.

3 X 3: Bi People of Color Caucus: Resource/support/political action/social group building coalitions for a bi community that empowers all people. Call Lani 415/821-3534.

Victnamacse Bis/Lesbians/Gays: Support and social events for those of Vietnamese heritage. Bilingual support group. Call Zoon at 415/826-4006.

There are more groups for men of color under the category "Health".

There is a group for people of color under the category "Transgendered".

transgendered

Educational TV Channel (ETVC): Open, supportive gender group with over 400 members from 23 states and 3 foreign countries. Serves educational, social, support, and recreational needs of transvestites, transsexuals, and others whose social role differs from the role considered appropriate for their genetic sex. For info or newsletter write PO Box 6486, SF, CA 94101. Send \$2 for directory of support groups and computer bulletin boards.

Rainbow Gender Association (RGA): Meets 1st & 3rd Fridays of each month in San Jose. Write RGA, PO Box 700730. San Jose CA 95170.

Transgendered Support Group. Every Monday, 7 p.m., at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland. For TGs of diverse ethnic backgrounds and sexual orientations; emphasizes Afro-Americans. Food is served. Call 510-601-9066.

Transgender Youth Support Groups. All support groups at LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center) are open to transgender youth. Call 415/863-3636 (outside San Francisco call 1-800/246-PRIDE). See individual group listings under the category "Student and Youth".

student & youth

Androgynous Bisexual Club (ABC): Formed at Santa Rosa Junior College in April '93. Leave message at Student Activities Office, 707/527-4424.

Bisexuals, Gays and Lesbians at Davis: Social, educational and support. Write 433 Russell Blvd, Sacramento CA 95616.

Coming Out Youth Group: Meets at LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center), 3543–18th Street, 2nd floor, SF. Support group for gay, bi, lesbian, transgender, and questioning youth. Call hotline for schedule: 863-3636inSF: 1/800/246-PRIDE elsewhere. TDD# 415/431-8812.

Drop-In Group for Youth Under 18: Every Thursday, 3:30-5 p.m. at LYRIC. 3543 18th Street, 2nd Floor, San Francisco, Support group for gay, bi, lesbian, transgender, and questioning youth. Call 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800/246-PRIDE, TDD# 415/431-8812.

Gay and Lesbian Alliance (GALA): Gay, lesbian and bi students at Santa Rosa Junior College provide peer support, educate others, serve on panels in sociology and psychology classes, sponsor parties, and provide good role models for relationships. GALA meets weekly September to May. Leave message at Student Activities Office 707/527-4424.

Gay/Lesbian Alliance at Sonoma State (GLASS): Leave message at Student Union 707/664-2382.

Lesbian/Gay/Bi Alliance at SF State: Support, events, newsletter, Write LGBA, Room 100A, Student Union Bldg, San Francisco State University, SF, CA 94132.

Lesbian/Gay/Bi Alliance at San Jose State: Social and Educational group at San Jose State University. Call 408/236-2002.

Multicultural Bi/Lesbian/Gay Association (MBLGA) at UC Berkeley. Call 510/642-6942.

New Horizons: Every Thursday, 7:45-9:30 p.m. at Spectrum, 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd, #12, San Anselmo. Support group for lesbian, gay, bi and questioning young adults, age 22-29. Call 415/457-1115.

Rainbow's End: Every Thursday, 6:30-8:30 p.m. at Spectrum, 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd, #12, San Anselmo. Support group for lesbian, gay, bi and questioning youth, age 14-23. Call 415/457-1115.

23 or Under Group: Every Saturday, 1:30-3 p.m. 40-60 gays, bis and lesbians through age 23 gather for support and discussion at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Call 510/841-6224.



Young Men's Group: Every Friday, 7-9 p.m. at LYRIC, 3543 18th Street, 2nd floor, San Francisco. Support group for young men age 12-23 who are gay, bi, transgender, or questioning. Call 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800/246-PRIDE, TDD# 415/431-8812.

Young Women's Group: Every Monday, 7-9 p.m. at LYRIC, 3543 18th Street, 2nd floor, San Francisco. Support group for young women age 12-23 who are lesbian, bi, transgender, or questioning. Call 863-3636 in SF; elsewhere 1-800/246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812.

There are also groups for youth listed under "Health" and "Transgendered".

health + support

AIDS Health Project: Support group for gay and bi men who are HIV+. Support group for gay and bi men who are HIV negative. Structured 8-week groups meet at the agency; on-going groups meet in private homes. Call Carmen Chavez 415/476-3902.

ARC/Rarly AIDS Group: Every Thursday, 6-8 p.m. at Operation Concern, 1853 Market (at Guerrero), SF. Gay and bi men discuss the experience of living with the diagnosis. Led by a licensed counselor. Free. Drop-in; no appointment necessary. For info call 415/626-7000.

Bay Positives: A support group for young people who test positive. Call Julie Graham 415/386-4615.

CURAS: Prevention and education referral services for bi and gay Latino men. Call 415/255-2731.

The Deaf Gay/Lesbian Center: Serves the needs of deaf & hard-of-hearing members of the gay and lesbian community. Also offers American Sign Language classes to the hearing gay and lesbian community. Responsive to bisexual people. TDD# 415/885-2341. Hearing callers may call 1/800/735-2922 and ask to be connected to this TDD#.

Filipino Task Force on AIDS. 1540 Market Street #275, SF, CA 94102. 415/703-9880. Provides prevention and intervention case management, referrals, HIV prevention education, translation services. Serves people of all ethnic backgrounds and sexual orientations who are HIV infected, with a focus on Filipinos. A support group for HIV+ people and their lovers meets in members' homes for potlucks, sometimes has speakers.

GAPA HIV Project: Emotional and practical support targeting bi and gay men of Asian/Pacific Islander heritage. Call Wayne Chan 415/568-4532.

HIV+ Drop-In Group: Every Thursday, 6-8 p.m. at Operation Concern, 1853

Market (at Guerrero), SF. Support, info, and discussion for gay and bi men who are HIV+. Led by a licensed counselor. Free. Wheelchair accessible. Call 415/626-7000.

Living Well with AIDS/ARC: Support group based on Attitudinal Healing Principles. Call 415/621-1701.

Lyon Martin Clinic: Primary health care for and by women, particularly bi and lesbian, in SF. Call 415/565-7667.

LYRIC. 3543 18th Street, Box 31, 2nd Floor, SF, CA 94110. Provides HIV prevention/education groups for youth. Call the hotline for schedule: 863-3636 in SF; elsewhere 1/800/246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812.

Operation Concern: Mental health concerns of bis, lesbians, and gay men. Individual and group counseling available. Call 415/626-7000.

Spectrum Center for Lesbian. Gay & Biserual Concerns. 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd #12, San Anselmo CA 94960. Provides spiritual and practical support to people with AIDS and HIV+. 415/457-1115.

Substance Abuse Support Group: Every Thursday, 7-8 p.m. at Operation Concern, 1853 Market (at Guerrero), SF. This drop-in group is free and offers information about OC's substance abuse program. Open to bis. On-going groups cost \$11-34 sliding scale, and members must also be in individual counseling. Call 415/626-7000.

Women's AIDS Network (WAN): Referral services for women with AIDS/HIV. Call 415/864-4376, ext. 2007.

parenting + family

IntiNet Resource Center: Supports loving, committed, ethical multi-partner relationships. Sponsors workshops and ongoing groups for responsible nonmonogamists, offers speakers bureau, and publishes a quarterly newsletter for members. All sexual preferences welcome. Info packet: POB 4322-AA, San Rafael, CA 94913-4322, or call 415/507-1739.

Lesbian/Gay/Bi Parents Group: Meets monthly in different homes in Marin. For info call Spectrum, 415/457-1115.

Park Hop Doo Wop: Social group/extended family for bi, lesbian, gay, and hip hetero parents of children 12 and under. Info: 415/637-9125.

PEP: National member network for people seeking polyfidelitous relationships. Focuses on group marriage and multiple adult, committed relationships. Newsletter includes ads, education and info. Call Ryam at 808/929-9691 (Hawaii).

Quad Society: Bisexual family-oriented educational & recreational group. Write PO Box 128, Brea CA 92622-0128.

bis beyond the bay

BiNet USA: This umbrella network of bigroups and individuals in the U.S. formed at the 1990 National Bisexual Conference. Its address recently changed to the east coast: PO Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787. Phone: 202/986-7186.

Black Men's Exchange: African-American men of diverse sexual expressions meet for social support & empowerment.

Oakland headquarters: 510/839-9138

Atlanta: 404/627-5148
Denver: 303/837-1530
Detroit: 313/361-6037
Los Angeles: 310/281-7742
Philadelphia: 215/848-4892

Sacramento: 916/487-0439

International Directory of Biserval Groups: Comprehensive listing of bigroups all over the world, including the U.S. Updated bi-annually. Send \$5.00 (or \$6.50 in U.S. currency if outside the U.S.) to: ECBN, POB 639, Cambridge, MA 02140.

Unitarian Universalist Biscausi Network: A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, POB 10818, Portland, ME 04104.

information

Coming Together News: National bimonthly publication for deaf, hard-of-hearing, and hearing signing lesbians, gays, and bisexuals. Soon to go international. Available at A Different Light, Mama Bears, and Lambda Bookstore, or write CTN, Box 5669, Berkeley 94705-0669.

Community United Against Violence (CUAV): Crisis counseling and legal referral for victims of anti-lesbian, -bi and -gay violence and domestic violence. Call 415/864-3112 for info.

Lesbians and Gays Against Intervention (LAGAI): LAGAI offers assistance to dykes, fags, and bis who are considering the military or who are in and want to get out. We say: Ban the Military, Not the Queers. For info or to work on this project, call Kate 415/641-8769.

San Francisco Sex Information (SFSI): Free information and referral switch-board. A non-profit educational community service for all ages & lifestyles. Mon-Fri 3-9 p.m. 415/621-7300.

Just as Stonewall marked the crystalization of the gay & lesbian liberation movement, the 1990 National Bisexual Conference marked the beginning of the coalescing of our bisexual community.

THE 1990 NATIONAL BISEXUAL CONFERENCE VIDEO

Speeches by & interviews with: (partial list)

Researchers: Dr. Fritz Klein, Dr. Ronald/L Fox

Radical Revolting Sexologists from Hell: Carol Queen & the late David Lourea

Activists:

Robyn Ochs, A. Billy S. Jones, Maggi Rubenstein, Patti Chang, Alan Hamilton, Autumn Courtney, Beth Reba Weise, Gary Lingen, Gary North, Leonard Trado, and Lani Kaahumanu

Performantes Betsy Rose, Dajenya, Ben Silver

2 VHS cassettes ▼ 4 hours US\$40.00 includes postage & handling

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volunteers

Volunteers Needed! Anything that Moves is staffed by volunteers. We may have volunteer opportunities for you in the following areas:

- Computer input & layout
- Promotion
- Department Editors
- Writing articles and reviews
- News Editor
- Correspondence

It's easy to jump in and a great way to plug into the bi community. Call 415/564-BABN.

Two Volunteer Positions available as Publicity and Media Liasons. If you're good at getting attention, schmoozing, and having your picture taken, put these skills to good use and make a name for yourself while you promote Anything that Moves.

Anything That Moves is searching far and wide (Hopefully not too far. Long distance telephone is expensive.) for a News Editor/Coordinator. Do you have what it takes to cover the bisexual beat, the pulse of the bisexual community, at absolutely no cost to us? If so, please contact ATM c/o BABN, 2404 California St., #24, SF, CA 94145 or 415/564-BABN.

instruction

Dance composition workshops with SF performance artist Anak-K. Explore movement and create dance with personal attention. 415/255-0189.

Vocal women: Wake up your bodies, souls, and voice. Reconnect your spirit to song. Private and group vocal work combining body awareness, imagery and improv to heal through sound. Betsy Rose, 415/525-7082.

Patience and Adventure Musicworks. Concerts, workshops and classes. For info and bookings: Judy Friedman, 415/456-4192.

for sale

STOP! This is insulting to Bisexual People stickers. Handy for leaving your message when you happen across bi oppression. 5 for \$1.00.

1 1/4" Bisexual Pride! buttons. \$1.00 cach plus .50 handling.

BiPhobia Shield \$.75 each or 2 for \$1.00.

Bisexual Pride!T-shirts in black or white. \$12 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Indicate color and size. Order from BiPol, 584 Castro #422, SF, CA 94114.

1 1/4" Safe Sex Bi All Means button \$1.00 each plus .\$.50 handling. Order from BABN, 2404 California St. #24, SF, CA 94115.

jobs offered

ATM Ad Sales position available. Support the cause and make money at the same time! Payment on a commission basis. Call 415/564-BABN to apply.

SPEAK OUT: Part-time paid positions during Pride celebrations throughout the U.S. staffing Human Rights Campaign Fund booths for their SPEAK OUT program. SPEAK OUT is the grassroots mobilization project for gay/lesbian/birights giving queers the opportunity to make their voices heard via mailgrams to Members of Congress. For more info call 1-800-727-HRCF.

publications

Bay Area Progressive Directory & Calendar: The latest listing of progressive groups, organizations and events encompassing environmentalism, human & animal rights, civil rights, political actions, etc. Write: POB 11232, Berkeley, CA 94701-2232 or call 510/848-9862, ext. 3.

Love Without Limits. New book! Learn how responsible nonmonogamy can help you create sustainable relationships. Includes listings for nearly 200 valuable resources. All this and bi-positive tool \$18 postpaid to Deborah Anapol, Ph.D., Box 150474-AA, San Rafael, CA. 94915-0474.

Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out, Edited by Loraine Hutchins & Lant Kaahumanu, Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118. Seventy bisexual women & men describe their lives as well as essays by the editors. \$13.00ppd.

wanna talk?

Call for Interviews: Essex Hemphill, cultural activist and editor of the critically acclaimed anthology Brother to Brother: New Writings by Black Gay Men (1991) and Ron Simmons, Ph. D., noted writer, photographer and media producer, are seeking Black gay men sixty years of age and older to participate in a nation-wide oral history project about Black gay lifestyles in the early twentieth century. This series of audio interview and photo-

graphs will be compiled into a book entitled The Evidence of Being.

During the 1920's and the decades that followed, how did Black homosexual men negotiate their roles as sons, brothers, uncles, and fathers? How did they relate to the larger Black community? Did religion and church influence their lives? Was there recognition of homosexuality? Was there name-calling? Respect? Did the word "gay" even have meaning then? What other terms were used? A range of question will be asked and memories extensively quoted from in an effort to trace the evolving construction of Black homosexual/gay identity.

If you are willing to openly share your stories and memories for the national project, you are invited to respond in writing to: Essex Hemphill, The Evidence of Being, 401 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 700, Santa Monica, CA 90401-1455 OR Ron Simmons, The Evidence of Being, P. O. Box 48100, Washington, D.C., 20002.

call for entries

CALLING ALL BISEXUAL WOMEN!!

Call for all forms of written and visual work for an anthology by and about bisexual women. At least half of this anthology will be written and produced by Women of Colour and the book will be published by Sister Vision Press, a Black Women and Women of Colour Press. We are an editorial group of six feminist bisexual women. We are Black, BlackAsian, South Asian, Ashkenazy Jew, and white, able-bodied, working- and middle-class. We especially seek the voices of bisexual Women of Colour, Final deadline is October 31, 1993. Share your work with us: Bisexual Women's Anthology c/ o Sister Vision Press, P.O. Box 217, Station E. Toronto, Ontario, CANADA, M6H 4E2. If you can, please send your writing on IBM-compatible disc and a printed copy. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope (and if outside Canada, International Reply Coupons) for return,

research

Research Study on International Diversity in Sexual/Bisexual Identity, Community, and Politics: Women and men in the US, UK, Australia, and New Zealand are needed for an anonymous questionnaire.

If interested, or for further information, contact Matt LeGrant at 510/530-3381. OR e-mail to:

prust@itsmail1.hamilton.edu.



Anything That Moves

Types and How People Cope with the Stresses of Daily Living. Bisexual men and women, age 18 or older, are needed. Your participation involves: taking the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator, about one hour of time completing mailed questionnaires, and contributing to research understanding personality and coping. Confidentiality protected. If you or someone you know would like more information, please call 415/479-7551.

bodywork

Safe Relaxing Massage for Women: Swedish and Shiatsu massage available in my home between the Castro and Noe Valley. Sliding scale, with special rates for students, seniors and unemployed. First session discount and gift certificates available. Member AMTA. Call Cat Lambert at 415/641-4463.

Sacred-Erotic artist/teacher/healer: Specializing in sexual-healing and sensual touching. Nurturing & TLC that is gentle, sensual, non-sexual. Call Juliet Carr, CMT, LE at 510/763-6960.

new groups

The LYRIC bisexual group in San Francisco is a space for young women and men to meet with other bisexual or questioning youth 23 years of age or under. Youth socialize, talk, and hangout with each other. The group will begin meeting each Tuesday from 6:30 - 8:00 pm at the LYRIC office beginning August 10. For more information, call the Youth Talkline at 415/863-3636 or leave a message for Teresa at the LYRIC office 415/703-6150.

Are you a lesbian, gay man, or queer?
Are you hard of hearing, "hearing impaired", deaf or deafened? Are you not part of mainstream deaf culture?

If you answered "Yes" to at least one of the above questions... then you are in for a wonderful adventure. A new newsletter is being designed for someone just like you... and me.

We are looking to form a support system nationwide to address issues that concern our lives: access (i.e. interpreters), real-time captioning at community events, learning to know what to ask for, and then learning how to ask for it. Share our experiences of being part of the larger lesbian/gay community and yet not being a part of the deaf community (or even the deaf lesbian/gay community).

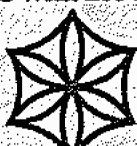
We are calling for submissions to our first issue. We are looking for life stories, coming out, stories cartoons, poems, and art... both in terms of being lesbian, gay, queer, transgendered or bi and also coming out about not being able to hear.

Tell us what you want from a publication like this or don't want. Speak your mind. Be on the mailing list! What!!!! Queers I!!!!, 831 Scott Street, San Francisco CA 94117, 415/922-5191 (voice or tty). If you contacted us before, please do so again. We had some technical problems.

Love Without Limits

Responsible Nonmonogamy and the Quest for Sustainable Intimate Relationships

by Dr. Deborah Anapol 180 pages with 200 resources



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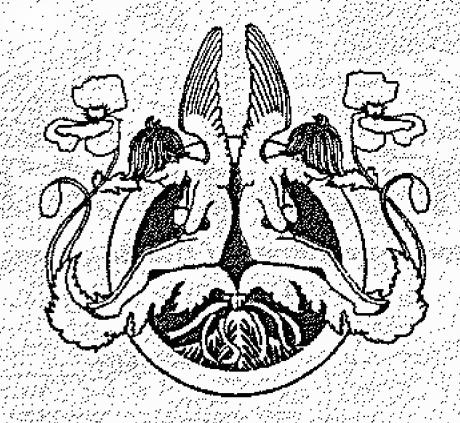
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Etc... Next Issue!

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